

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SIGNPOST.

On my green grass plot I stand aloof
 Where the four white roads have
 met,
 And I hear the tap of the coacher's
 hoof
 And the hum of the landaulette.
 I point the road with a stretching arm,
 And the tale of the miles I tell
 To duke and squire and man of the
 farm
 And tattered tramp as well.
 I'll show you the way to Lythamstoke,
 I'll show you the way to Sheen,
 The road that takes you to Burton's
 Oak
 And the road to Tyndal Green;
 And if you are looking for Foldingfleet
 Or Lipcomb or Lilfordlea,
 You have only to stand where the four
 roads meet
 And read of the way from me.
 In summer the green oak twines a
 crown
 To hang on my half-hid brow;
 In winter days when the leaves are
 down
 I am tapped by a windy bough.
 And if there are hours when the glad
 wheels drone
 And the racing road-cars glance,
 There are long, long nights when I
 dream alone
 While the mist and the moonbeams
 dance.
 Beneath my arms have the lovers met
 In the dusk of the summer green;
 I remember a lad from Hummerset
 And a maid who came from Sheen.
 The hours went by and they took no
 heed
 Till the glowworms lit the loam,
 And the dark came down and they
 could not read
 The miles they were each from
 home.
 I am friend of the gypsies, maid and
 man,
 And the horse with the broken knees,
 And the lurcher dog, and the caravan,
 And the camp fire under the trees;
 The children wild as a woodland fawn,
 The girl with the loose black hair—

I have sped them all at the gray of
 dawn

Down the road to Lipcomb Fair.

But dearest the day when the fox-
 hounds meet

On my grass plot green and wide,
 When the pack comes up from Folding-
 fleet

And the field from every side;
 When I hear the far-off hounds in
 flight

And the distant horn all day,
 Till the parting horsemen call "Good-
 night!"

As I send them each his way.

The roads are white, and the roads are
 brown,

And the roses bloom and die;
 The oak-buds break and the leaves
 come down,

But apart and aloof am I.
 The wheels may come and the wheels
 may go

With the moods of the changing
 year,

But white with the dust or white with
 snow

I stand at the cross roads here.

I'll show you the way to Lythamstoke,
 I'll show you the way to Sheen,
 The road that takes you to Burton's
 Oak

And the road to Tyndal Green;
 And if you are looking for Folding-
 fleet

Or Lipcomb or Lilfordlea,
 You have only to stand where the four
 roads meet

And inquire of the way from me!

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

COBWEBS.

Busy life within, without,
 Has no corner free for doubt.
 Busy life without, within,
 Has no loophole left for sin.
 But when stress of living ebbs
 Sin and doubt spin dusty webs,
 Till a hanging shroud disguise
 Even the blue of Paradise.

Martin Armstrong.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S WANING POLITICAL POWER.

The American Congress has repealed that clause of the law governing the use of the Panama Canal which gave an advantage to American coast-wise shipping. The doing away with this discrimination was accomplished primarily through the control exercised over a congressional majority by President Wilson. He was assisted by public sentiment to the extent that a number of influential newspapers and public men, regardless of party affiliation, advocated such repeal in the belief that discrimination in favor of American coast-wise shipping was a violation of the treaty with England. He was also helped materially by a widespread belief among the voters that the benefits of such discrimination would go largely to a so-called "shipping trust," and also that it was a ship subsidy in disguise. Anything which promises to benefit a "trust" is unpopular, and a great majority of the American people are energetically opposed to ship subsidies in any form. Such subsidies have been strenuously advocated for some years past, and in certain instances the movement has received official sanction, but up to the present time, with the exception of the much-talked-of discrimination in canal tolls now repealed, Congress has refused any gifts to the American merchant marine interests, whatever might be the guise under which the appeal was made.

The law repealing the discrimination in tolls was enacted by Congress after a long and bitter controversy, and when finally materialized it contained qualified and definitive clauses of which President Wilson did not approve, for Congress made it the occasion for a declaration of policy or, in brief, the issuance of a warning to the effect that this action should not be

considered as establishing a precedent, or be taken as the yielding of a supreme right believed to be possessed by the United States to control and manage the Panama Canal. Many distinguished and able lawyers and diplomats did not agree that the treaty with England was violated, and among them may be mentioned Doctor David Jayne Hill, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, more recently American Ambassador to Germany, an able and astute expounder of international law and procedure.

President Wilson most plainly stated in making his request to Congress that toll discrimination should be done away with, that he was not putting it as a matter of a wrong to be righted, but rather in the nature of a courteous compliance with the request of a great and friendly nation, and considering the divided state of public opinion in America concerning this matter, it may well be taken as such by the English people. Any smug self-congratulation over an alleged acknowledgment of error on the part of America, such as has been indulged in by a section of the English Press, is out of place, and shows a sad lack of understanding of the situation as it is.

A more important feature of this act of repeal on the part of Congress than even the tolls controversy itself is the political significance it may possess for the man who engineered it. There are striking indications that this victory in Congress marks the beginning of the decline of the political strength and popularity of President Wilson himself. He became President at a time when his party had long been out of power. He at once formed a legislative programme which would have staggered a more experienced leader. With considerable sagacity and a reali-

zation of the shortness of the day in political life, he forced his programme upon a party somewhat light-headed over victory and anxious to conserve the party strength by presenting a solid front to the Opposition. The period of light-headedness has gone, however, and the glamour of the new and unaccustomed has passed from over the vision of the democratic floor leaders. President Wilson now finds critics within his own party, and partially successful rebellions against the autocratic control he has exercised for the past year are now not infrequent. He has, in short, reached and passed the greatest height of his political power.

The first unmistakable sign of this weakening of his hold is the form in which the Panama tolls discrimination was repealed. To the political weather experts in Washington and elsewhere the barometer shows signs of falling, and if history repeats itself the fall, once begun, will accumulate momentum on its way. No longer has the President but to express his will and witness its immediate accomplishment. That he may have realized this would come to pass is not impossible, for no intelligent man who has studied political psychology as closely as President Wilson could fail to realize the inevitable escape in time of the party majority in Congress from his strict and forceful guiding hand. To use a homely expression, he has "made hay while the sun shone," and, to give him the credit that should be his, he probably knew that to carry out even a large part of his political programme he must, as the old frontiersmen used to say, "go while the going is good." He has accomplished much of what he started out to do, and has only been a year at it. It is a record of big achievement, for even if he has to fight harder in the future for what he gets, and yield to a greater degree of

compromise, he can but congratulate himself upon the distance already covered and accept the waning of his power with more or less philosophy.

The revision of the tariff was the first task to hand, and that was accomplished in record time. There are serious defects in the new laws, and many of its provisions are already giving cause for serious political and economic criticism and controversy. The schedules themselves, as a whole, are practically out of politics, for the Republicans, had they listened to wise counsel when in power, would have lowered the general level of import duties, and it will be a long time before there is another general tariff revision. In fact, it is extremely doubtful whether a law covering the whole field at once will ever be enacted again. Such reform or changes as may be deemed advisable will probably be accomplished piecemeal. Some provisions of the new tariff law have not been received favorably in certain localities. In a recent election in the Patterson District of New Jersey, which is a manufacturing community the Government suffered a heavy loss of votes, and the tariff was the sole issue at the poll. The serious defect in the measure from the Republican point of view is that the Government revenue from Customs promises to be so diminished as to require heavy taxation in other directions.

The present Democratic administration has given no signs of fulfilling its promises of economy in Government expenditure, and there are large increases. The creation of numberless commissions and the employment of an army of new people investigating and regulating private business is running the national Budget up into figures never before reached. Not only has this system of government proved expensive, but it is a source of constant irritation and complaint to those en-

gaged in the legitimate enterprise of expanding the resources of the country, and in organizing for the extension of American foreign trade. For some time past, and now more than ever, industrial combination is under the ban of the Government, but several things have come to pass recently in Europe which may soon induce hesitation in this campaign against American business organizations.

A number of suits have been brought in the past in the United States against steamship companies charged with being members of the so-called "Atlantic pool." This same Atlantic pool is a mild and innocuous form of industrial combination as compared with the gigantic amalgamations which have recently been brought to pass in Germany and England. It is not possible for the American Government to object to their existence, as they have the full sanction of the Governments of the countries whose flags they fly, and in the case of Germany the Emperor himself is said to have taken a hand in bringing about the combination. These foreign steamship organizations are in a position to absolutely regulate all ocean traffic so far as rates and sailings are concerned, the world over, and as America has no such maritime equipment as would enable her citizens to hold their own against such regulation, it must perforce be accepted, or rather ignored, by Government officials seeking violators of the present anti-trust laws, and the still more drastic regulations now proposed in certain Bills before Congress which meet with the approval of the present administration.

The Old World has long ago discovered that the greatest forces for the expansion of foreign trade are big industrial combinations commanding unlimited capital. The New World, now needing foreign trade nearly as much as the older communities, is do-

ing its best to discourage those agencies and penalizing those who have built them up to their present effective fighting power.

That there will come a reaction against over-regulation is inevitable, and signs of this are not wanting. Industrial conditions in the United States are not particularly good at the moment, and the public is quick to lay the blame upon those in political power, for politics and business have become so interwoven through the mania for regulation from Washington, that any and all of the evils of industrial depression may quite plausibly be brought to the door of those who are placing increasingly severe legal restrictions upon business. For the first time in many years imports are now increasing more rapidly than exports, and as the United States is a debtor nation, paying out each year about \$600,000,000 to foreigners, this is not a favorable sign. The most cheerful feature of the present situation is the fact that the harvests of 1914 promise greater returns than ever before in the history of the country. It is a "bumper" year.

Figures are often published showing that the cost of living in America has decreased by a certain percentage since the new tariff went into force. The truth of the matter is that the decrease began before the tariff was revised, and, what is more to the point as being less controversial, has prevailed the world over, especially in England, thereby proving that it has not been brought about by a change of tariff schedules in the United States, and in fact has practically no relation thereto. It is the old familiar law of supply and demand, which governed the world's affairs before political constitutions were devised, which causes the rise and fall in prices, and man-made tariffs have seldom succeeded in nullifying its operations to

any great extent. Any attempt on the part of the Democrats to make political capital out of the new tariff will not succeed, for, in the first place, the party in power is ever on the defensive, and there are so many manifest crudities and ill-considered features of the law needing revision that the Republicans will find plenty of legitimate campaign thunder in the situation. The question of tariff schedules has been practically eliminated from politics, but the question of principles and administration will always constitute material for political warfare.

If President Wilson is anxious as to the political future state of his party, he must find many disquieting features in the present situation. It seems safe to assume that the Mexican Question will muddle along to some sort of solution which will, for the time at least, render unnecessary any formidable armed invasion of Mexico by the United States. That any deep-laid plan has been followed from the beginning, or that the President and his Cabinet have had any definite policy dictated by material interests, as has been charged, is a supposition unworthy of discussion, for all evidence and knowledge is to the contrary. The elimination of Huerta has been the one condition to which the President has obstinately adhered, and he seems to be in a fair way to accomplish his purpose. That he over-estimates the self-governing power of the people of Mexico is apparent. That he is laying up future disappointment for himself if he expects to change the whole character and purpose of Mexican government immediately through peaceful intervention on the part of the United States is equally certain, but whatever the outcome, be it short of armed invasion on a large scale, he will apparently justify his method of handling as vexatious a situation as ever arose to confound a newcomer into high of-

fice. It is easy for political opponents to criticize, but it is a question as to whether anyone else could have done any better, or even as well, so far as the interests of the American nation in Mexican affairs is concerned.

The one big question now left for Congress to dispose of before the adjournment for the summer is the matter of anti-trust legislation. A measure is now before that body which has the approval of the President. It is greatly criticized by many people, regardless of political sympathies, and the American public has not shown a vivid interest in the idea of still further regulating business affairs by political commissions. The business interests of the country are apparently indifferent to what may be done, but this is the indifference of hopelessness or sullen resignation. They are well aware that active opposition on their part to a proposed law is often accepted as a proof that the law would be a good one and that anything they could do would aggravate rather than mitigate their troubles.

In course of time the present activity in the way of regulating business from Washington may lead to the only logical and fair way of doing, and that is a scheme for the federal incorporation of all concerns conducting an interstate or international business. The curse of State regulation will then abate, and some sort of a uniformity can be secured in the treatment by the Government of industrial enterprises. It is the only way in which the sheep can be separated from the goats, and the harmful monopoly restricted while the big and beneficial industrial enterprise is allowed full scope in developing the possibilities of the country and establishing American foreign trade upon all fours with that of competing nations.

In the coming November all members of the House of Representatives,

and a little later many members of the Senate, are to be elected. Coming as they do between the Presidential elections, these "off-year" contests, as they are called, are not always a true guide to the real state of public opinion in political affairs. Unfortunately or happily, as the matter may be viewed, it is not uncommon for the lower house to change its political complexion at such times, and, with a lower house in opposition politically to the President and the Senate, legislation is achieved with difficulty, and as a rule the Bills of Supply are the only really important measures enacted into law. Political prophets are freely predicting that if the Republican Party is reunited at the polls in November, the House of Representatives which comes into existence next March as a result of the elections this autumn will be Republican. The driving force exerted so early in its administration by the President promises, however, to accomplish nearly all the most important measures advocated by him, either in the Session now in progress or in the short Session of next winter. He will thus have made a record, on which he and his party will have to be judged in the Presidential election of 1916, before there is a possible turnover in the House.

If the Congressional elections this year result in maintaining a Democratic majority in the House, it may safely be taken as an indication that the voters are not alarmed as to the outcome of President Wilson's legislative programme, and that they have not seriously lost confidence in his ability to pull the country through its difficulties with credit to himself and safety to all. On the other hand, if the House be returned Republican, it will not mean necessarily that the resentment against him, his policies and his actions is deep-seated enough to guarantee a Republican victory in

1916. This seeming contradiction is explained in that the off-year elections are usually contested on local or minor issues, and are oft-times influenced by temporary reactions against the party in power, which frequently follow important changes in national policies. The voter may be willing to express his disapproval at an election which does not mean a change of national administration, whereas if the life of the party was at stake he would hesitate to yield to the impulse of his displeasure as to one or another feature of a national administration of public affairs. In brief, the off-year elections are fought upon details, personalities, or local issues, whereas in Presidential elections the bigger question of the control of the Government by this or that party overshadows everything else.

Should the Republicans sink their differences and unite upon Theodore Roosevelt as candidate for 1916, as now seems possible, an attack will be made upon the Democratic Party which will be almost unparalleled in its fierceness and for the compactness of the fighting organization. The Democratic Party before President Wilson was elected was the critic, and the Republican Party was upon the defensive. It had been so long since the Democrats were in power, that their sins of commission and omission had faded in public consciousness and the sins of the Republicans were shining marks. It will be very different two years from now, for the Democrats have been in power, and from the day of their accession they have been inordinately busy under the aggressive leadership of President Wilson. He has given his followers no time to meditate as to the wisdom of his policies, and where hesitation made itself apparent the party whip has been used with great effect. The disposal of patronage by an incoming administration is a tempting bait to in-

duce members of Congress to remain inside the administration circle, and this argument has been used with great effectiveness during the past year to secure Congressional assent to the measures proposed by President Wilson. The cream of this patronage is now skimmed, however, and personal ambitions within the party are making themselves felt. The passage of any important law generates enmities and party dissensions hard to reconcile. This is all the more true when the party, as in the present case, consists largely of one man who has dictated its policies and conducted its business single-handed. President Wilson's

The Fortnightly Review.

son's Cabinet is nothing more than a background for his own personality. The functions of State, War, and Navy are directed from a single desk rather than from the Cabinet table, and it is American history that the strong man as President, who ruled individually rather than through a group of strong men about him, has generally split his party into factions, and finally gone to defeat through inability to carry all the load himself. The American political system does not admit for long of a dictator, however thoroughly he may be disguised as a "tribune of the people."

James Davenport Whelpley.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

"A boy is a fruitful thing for a thoughtful spectator to contemplate."

So wrote John Stuart Blackie in his *Notes of a Life*. How fruitful a thing is the modern boy may be gauged by a study of the developments which have taken place in the Boy Scout movement ever since its inception six years ago. Unfortunately there is still a large number of sober-minded people who are convinced that the movement is an insidious attempt to foster a form of militarism—that it exists merely to give boys an excuse to potter about suburban lanes on Saturday afternoons or camp out during the summer months. It is hardly very edifying or flattering to the English people that there should still be need for explanation of the purpose underlying the Boy Scout organization. The "wideawake" hat, the "shorts," and the staff of the Scouts are possibly still objects of ridicule. In themselves these accoutrements may not be of any great consequence—they may even inspire amusement—but they are not an end but a means to an end, and it is

the way in which the end is being reached that must reconcile the public to an organization about whose usefulness there can be no question, as I propose to show.

Professor Griffiths, at the recent meeting of the British Association, recognized that Sir Robert Baden-Powell's praiseworthy organization held great possibilities of good for the moral and physical well-being of the rising generation. The learned professor expressed the belief that the Scout movement was rendering greater service than the complicated State machinery in preparing boys for the struggles of life.

It is only when one looks closely into the working of the Scout organization that one realizes how carefully it has been designed to help lads to grow into valuable and useful citizens. Usefulness is a fundamental principle of the Boy Scout movement, and each year sees some step forward by the Association in their endeavor to enlarge the sphere of usefulness of the lad who becomes a Boy Scout. The

boy who has received a scout training can claim to have graduated in the university of practical life. His school teaching is as nothing compared with the knowledge obtained as a Scout. The defects of the present system of education are grave and palpable. The majority of boys are turned adrift from school at their most impressionable age. The Scout movement picks up a boy's teaching just at that moment in his life when knowledge counts for something more than the bookishness to which he has been subjected. First of all, there is character-training to bring out perseverance, hardihood, pluck, and skill. Then he is taught how to get and keep himself fit, how to assist his fellows in times of emergency and otherwise, how successfully to pursue some art or craft, how to be ready to turn his hand to anything from cooking a hunter's stew to felling a tree. In this connection Sir Robert has stated that "I am very anxious to extend the development of handicrafts among the Scouts in all parts of the country."

Now, of all that has been accomplished by the Scout movement for the good of the nation nothing can excel in usefulness the development by which a boy is encouraged to take up hobbies and handicrafts which may be useful in gaining for him a livelihood. The value of this training can hardly be accounted too highly when one remembers the large army of casual laborers which go to make up the ranks of the unemployed—workaday misfits, who, mayhap, have never had the chance of acquiring the elements of any trade.

"We want to help boys," the Executive of the Association say, "on leaving school to escape the evils of blind-alley occupations, *e.g.*, van and messenger boys, newspaper carriers, caddies, etc., such as give the boy a wage for the moment, but leave him stranded with-

out any trade or handicraft to pursue when he is a man." Tracing the development of the last few years, the student of the movement will have observed that increasing attention is being given to the making of craftsmen, and the list of subjects for which badges of proficiency are awarded is formidable. Indeed, there is hardly a department of knowledge which can be turned to the practical use of boys but is represented in that list. It already numbers no less than fifty-two and others are in contemplation! Here is a list of the crafts for which the boys wear distinctive badges on both sleeves of their Scout shirts, after having passed a rather stiffish examination in each particular subject:—Ambulance, airman, bee-farmer, basket-worker, blacksmith, boatman, bugler, carpenter, clerk, cook, cyclist, dairyman, electrician, engineer, farmer, fireman, gardener, handyman, horseman, interpreter, laundryman, leather-worker, mason, miner, marksman, master-at-arms, missionary, musician, naturalist, pathfinder, pilot, photographer, pioneer, piper, plumber, poultry-farmer, printer, prospector, sea fisherman, signaller, stalker, surveyor, telegraphist, tailor, textile-worker, woodman, etc.

It has been argued by some—and even by those connected with the movement—that it is a mistaken policy to have so many handicraft sections and badges, because it creates a "pot-hunting" feeling among the boys. My view is that this does not apply to Scouts. A lad may possibly join the organization with a kind of "licking creation" idea and a determination to obtain all the badges possible, but a few months' work rapidly dispels any delusions he may have on the subject. Each handicraft section calls for careful attention. To gain a badge is by no means a matter of reading up the subject and answering a question or

two. It means very careful attention, and a Scout must satisfy his examiner (a practical man in each individual subject) that he knows the essential principles of the work and can apply them to practical use. These proficiency badges are issued only after months of toil—work done at technical schools or as a result of personal teaching. Now, the Scoutmaster is in an extremely favorable position to know the qualities of the boys under his direction. He tests their intelligence in a practical manner every time he goes with them, and consequently has far more opportunities of gauging the particular bent of each boy than the schoolmaster, who only knows his pupils at their lessons. It may be doubted if even the average parent understands his child as well as the Scoutmaster does, for the father and mother are naturally biased in favor of their offspring. They exaggerate the value of any act of intelligence or cleverness he may show, and are naturally inclined to be indulgent to his weaknesses. The Scoutmaster who has a great number of boys under his control is free from this natural bias, and therefore better able to form a sound opinion of the qualifications of a boy.

Reviewing this important section of the Scout movement, let me examine a few of the handicraft badges and see what sort of a test a boy must pass in any particular subject. Taking the surveyor's badge, I find that he must map correctly from the country itself the main features of half a mile of road, with 440 yards each side, to a scale of two feet to the mile, and afterwards redraw the same map from memory. He must measure the heights of a tree, telegraph pole, and church steeple, describing the method adopted; measure width of a river and distance apart of two objects a known distance away and unapproachable; be able to measure a gradient, understand what

is meant by H.E., V.I., R.F., contours, conventional signs of ordnance survey and scales. Or, if he aspires to the engineer's decoration he must make and repair some of the simpler tinware articles in common use; chip and file a small surface of cast-iron; forge wrought iron to simple forms, viz., "S" hook, ring, staple, hold-fast, or pipe-hook; forge and temper a drill or chipping chisel, fit and braze two pieces of wrought iron together; explain the names, uses, and construction of metal work tools and apparatus in common use, and give reason for shapes, cutting angles, etc., of tools; explain the composition and properties of solders, fluxes, and metals; be familiar with ordinary workshop practices and processes.

Take an aspirant for the carpenter's badge. One learns that he must be able to shute and glue a four-foot straight joint, make a housing, tenon and mortice and halved joint, grind and set a chisel and plane iron; make a dove-tailed locked box, or a table or a chair. Or, if the lad seeks to wear the electrician's badge he must possess a knowledge of the methods of rescue and resuscitation of persons insensible from shock; be able to make a simple electro-magnet; have an elementary knowledge of simple battery cells and the working of electric bells and telephones, and finally be able to remedy fused wires and repair broken connections. The Scout printer is also expected to be able to pass a rather severe test before he can wear the coveted badge.

One could go through the whole list of handicrafts and find similar exacting requirements before the examiner is justified in giving a "pass." For instance, much is expected of a winner of the handyman's badge. He must be able to paint a door, whitewash a ceiling, repair gas-fittings, tap-washers, sash-lines, window and door fastenings,

replace gas-mantles and electric light bulbs, hang pictures and repair blinds, lay carpets, mend clothing and upholstery, do small furniture and china repairs, and sharpen knives. Then there is the prospector, who, according to the regulations, must be able to identify twenty different minerals and the same number of fossils, and know to what period the latter belong. One need not continue this line further in order to recognize that there is a very real educational side to the Scout movement—a side which is unknown to, or overlooked by, the majority of the public. Prof. Griffiths, at the British Association meeting, regretted that so small a proportion of the children in schools were able to share its benefits. Education, he pointed out, should be mainly directed to making the character and intellect of the child so much better than his knowledge; that desire for knowledge would follow as a matter of course, as shown by the Scout's training.

The Boy Scout is taught how to make all sorts of things—from a basket to an aeroplane. He may learn how to start a fire without matches or to sail a yacht; how to find his way through and map out a strange country, to bridge a river from trees that grow on its bank, and so on. Indeed, the organization covers all human activities: training the hand and the eye, the faculties of observation and inquiry, and the highest attributes of intelligence and self-sacrifice.

In July of last year, Prince Alexander of Teck opened a Scoutcraft Exhibition in the Bingley Hall, Birmingham, which was in progress for a week. Here there was displayed the clever handicrafts of Scouts who had assembled from every quarter of the globe, and was a striking commentary upon the value of the movement in its endeavors to fit the boy of humble birth (more particularly) ultimately

to become a useful and good citizen. As Prince Alexander observed in his inaugural speech at that exhibition, it showed that the movement had been of material value in modern times in teaching boys handicrafts and thus becoming somewhat of a substitute for the apprenticeship system that had now to such a large extent passed away.

The movement is having a marked effect upon the ordinary curriculum which obtains in schools all over the country, and authorities have realized that character training should be included in the modern system of education. The schools have scholastic training, but that is not sufficient to make a man's career successful, and the aim of the Boy Scout movement is to give that complement to the school training. The value of this system of training cannot be set too high when regard is had to the percentage of lads who leave school to drift into the ranks of casual employment, simply because they have never had a chance of acquiring the elements of a skilled trade. A Boy Scout is never likely to become one of the submerged tenth, because his training enables him to find a useful place in the work of the world.

"There are now," according to the Chief Scout, "fifty centres where education authorities were running continuation and technical schools entirely for Boy Scouts. The experiment had been pre-eminently successful. . . . They were touching all classes of schools, and it was being found by the authorities that they could teach character by the Scout method in the schools, in addition to the bookwork. There were now a great number of Scouts beginning to pass out of their ranks into the world, and the reports as to how they had got on had been most encouraging. There was a practical demand for them among employers of labor."

A short while ago Sir Robert addressed a conference of employers in the Midlands upon the efficacy of the movement in its relation to industry, and suggested that corps of Boy Scouts might with advantage be started in connection with every big works factory. The suggestion is undoubtedly an excellent one, but it may be to the advantage of the lad that his training should be commenced before he reached the works. At the same time, it is conceivable that it would be greatly to the benefit of employers of labor to encourage parents to induce their sons to become Scouts by giving preference to those who have been trained as Scouts. Obviously, too, it would be of advantage to industry. Boys who have spent their leisure hours in the open air, and whose physical development has consequently been promoted, are likely to be more healthy than those who have lounged about town pavements.

How far, it may be asked, has the movement developed with respect to this important branch of its organization—the making of craftsmen? For answer I will deal with a few of the handicraft badges which have been instrumental in the raising of specialist troops and patrols. Take the fireman's badge, for example. Three years ago it was suggested that this handicraft would permit of a useful and important development. Accordingly, a scheme for training the lads in fire-fighting and the saving of life and property was initiated. That was in 1910, and the idea has been taken so seriously by the boys that no fewer than 10,000 fire badges have been awarded, 3,000 of them during last year! A few months ago Commander Lionel de L. Wells, the late popular Chief of the London Fire Brigade, accepted an appointment on the Headquarters' Staff of the Boy Scout Association in order to further develop the

fire-fighting side of the organization and activity. Few outside the movement have any idea of the real hard work and persevering effort that a lad has to put in before he can obtain the fire badge. The badge consists of a "flame" in a ring, and indicates that the wearer has passed tests in the use of hydrants, escapes, ladders, life-saving "shutes," jumping sheets, and fire-extinguishers. He must also have learnt the use of the fireman's "lift," the art of dragging injured persons from a burning building without inflicting more than the minimum of pain and further injury; how to climb to the roofs of endangered buildings, or to the windows of rooms from which persons may be seeking to escape, the quickest means of passing buckets of water, as well as the most effective method of applying the available water supply. Further, the lad has to prove his knowledge of the best and safest way to enter burning buildings, and to work in fumes that, to an untrained person, would almost certainly mean death. Those who know the awful scenes that sometimes occur when horses are imprisoned in a burning building will know how valuable is the training every wearer of the "flame" badge has received in methods of rescuing animals from burning stalls. Others who remember cases in which jumping sheets have proved fatal to the jumpers, owing to the lack of knowledge on the part of would-be helpers, will appreciate the instruction given the lads in this work, and in forming a cordon to keep back crowds. All this the youngsters who have the fire badge have learned, and it will be the duty and privilege of Commander Wells to train thousands more.

A glance through the records shows that many of the lads have already saved life or property at fires, and have been specially rewarded for the work. It is anticipated that in every

village where there are Boy Scouts there will be lads able and willing to deal intelligently with a fire, pending the arrival of the brigade. What this means in country districts only those who have seen the chaos and incapacity which prevail on the outbreak of a fire will understand. The lads have had specially designed for them a portable engine and appliances, and those who wish to help can do most for the lads and the community by supplying each unit of the organization with one of these outfits.

With such results as it is possible to record of the original Scouts it is not to be wondered at that there has been a big development with respect to training lads in sea-craft. What high road and hedgerow are to the Boy Scout, wave and weather are to his ally. The Sea Scout is taught to handle boats, to splice ropes, both wire and hemp, to take bearings, to read signals, besides a host of other things. His work, indeed, is more arduous and more risky than that of the land Scout. It makes high demands on both courage and endurance; it tends to develop the faculties of observation and readiness. Sea scouting is by no means a nursery game. Already it has made sacrifices on the altar of efficiency. The disaster which befell a troop of South London scouts in August, 1912, when five of the lads were drowned through the capsizing of a cutter, will doubtless be fresh in the memory of most people. So, too, will the disaster which occurred on Whit Monday, when six Scouts lost their lives at Oulton Broad. None the less, the movement has maintained its popularity, and troops are springing up in all parts of the country, whether on or near the coast, or in places inland so long as access is available to a reservoir or lake of some description. The great need is, of course, for boats upon which a practical training can be given. Already

public-spirited supporters of the organization have come forward and supplied either discarded cutters or the wherewithal to purchase suitable craft, but more are urgently needed.

A short while ago Admiral Lord Charles Beresford (who is the Chief of the Sea Scouts' branch of the organization) and his staff, which includes a number of well-known naval officers, put into circulation a series of new regulations which provide that the Sea Scouts may either wear the ordinary and familiar Scout uniform or a blue serge costume and bluejacket's cap. There are special badges, too, for Sea Scouts who can qualify as boatmen, swimmers, rescuers, watchmen, pilots, and sea fishermen. To be a watchman, for instance, a boy must know every rock and shoal within the five-fathom line on a four-mile stretch of coast near his headquarters. He must know the rise and fall of the tides, the set of currents at all times of the tide, danger spots to bathers and visitors, the best landing-place for boats, the lighthouses, beacons, storm signals, coastguard stations, lifeboats, rocket apparatus, and so on. Lord Charles Beresford, in his instructions for training, lays stress on a knowledge of swimming, rescuing, boat management, and naval history. He urges the desirability of having a hulk or guardship, or of fitting up a barge in a river, or of hiring a clubroom on shore. Whether boys finally take to the sea as a profession or not, nothing but good can come of the training they receive once they decide to become Sea Scouts.

In a movement of this description, when so much propaganda work has to be done in order to disabuse the minds of the public of the slightest connection between armaments and scouting, I may be pardoned if I suggest a consideration of the Sea Scout question from the point of view of an invaded

people. Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, K.C., the eminent Admiralty lawyer and brother of the Chief Scout, recently published a small brochure on sea scouting, and pointed out how sharp-eyed boys along the coast, trained as to what was required of them, could do valuable work. He suggests that in the event of war every headland, cliff, creek, and harbor might find employment for the keen-eyed Sea Scout, who would be properly instructed how to get in touch with the telegraph if emergency should arise. I anticipate that many who read this article will be provoked to remark that the idea is far-fetched and unnecessary, but a little thought will bring the assurance that even though the Sea Scout may never be called upon to help towards the protection of his country, in times of peace he may follow the pursuit with benefit to himself and his fellows.

In the sphere of education the Scout movement has effected wondrous changes. One has only to study the boy when he comes under the influence of this movement to be really amazed at the avidity for knowledge which he displays. And the cause? Well, let us call it a point of contact, for the want of a better term. Take any lad, discover his point of contact, and you create the real desire and enthusiasm for an acquisition of knowledge. Early educational methods located this point of contact in the seat of the lad's trousers, but any Scoutmaster will declare that it lies in his imagination. Education authorities all over the country are now recognizing the truth of the newer theory and believe they see in it the solution of the vexed question of continuation classes. London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and several other large centres now include scouts' technical classes as a successful part of their educational programme. Prominent schools proclaim

the educational possibilities of the movement and declare it to be one of the strongest and most valuable interests of the age, and that the co-operation of schoolmaster and scoutmaster will be a mighty power throughout the land. Dr. Rouse, Headmaster of Perse School, Cambridge, avers that, intellectually, scouting has shown us the one way for reform:—

"Our schools are too bookish, they do not lead up to life, or, indeed, to anything except examinations, unless by accident. But scouting has shown us many things any boy can learn to do with his hands, and how this handiwork reacts on the mind. We schoolmasters may now take the hint, and use bodily action in all our intellectual work until the mind is trained to act by itself. . . ."

Sir Robert Baden-Powell himself became schoolmaster when he inaugurated his farm school at Buckhurst Place, Sussex. It was started two years ago, and already the results achieved have surpassed all expectations. At this farm boys who are ill-fitted or indisposed for a sedentary career are trained for work upon the land. They are also—and this is a matter of no less importance—trained in those habits of discipline, courage, and self-control by means of which alone a fine sterling character can be produced. There are some forty of them in all at the present moment. Fine, healthy lads they are—well housed in a capital building, with a small farmstead and about one hundred acres of land, which are now under cultivation.

The curriculum is varied. There are lessons in practical farming, lessons in market-gardening, lessons in carpentry—all under the tuition of competent instructors, whose chief aim is to teach the boys to do things for themselves. Then, too, there are small allotments, "homesteads" they are called, each consisting of a couple of acres, and

each of these allotments is farmed out to a patrol of eight boys. Each group keeps an account with a central bank belonging to the institution, and thus a friendly rivalry is produced, while the equally necessary lesson of co-operation is not lost sight of. The boys have a "Court of Honor," which inquires into the offences of misdemeanants and awards sentences for wrong-doing. Before being entered at Buckhurst a boy is expected to have completed his ordinary school education. In other words, he should not be under fifteen.

The other day Sir Robert Baden-Powell inspected a poultry-farm where butter is made, and bees are kept at Roe Green Farm, Sandon, Hertfordshire. The lads number only a dozen, and they hail from Stepney, East Ham, Edmonton, and Birmingham. They were sent by the Scouts' Industrial Association to Sandon to conduct the farm, which is the first of its kind in England, and the lads will work on it for four years. They are up at six in the morning to accomplish a full day's work. In their workshop is machinery for making their own implements. They have erected over a dozen hen houses and a large shed. In addition to their ordinary domestic duties, consisting of scrubbing, bed-making, and so forth, they make pastry and jam. So satisfactory has the experiment proved, that other Boy Scout farms are contemplated. After a first year the Scouts become useful in harvest work and are taught to ride horses and to work the manual fire-engine in conjunction with the village patrols of Scouts.

Side by side with this, scouting has found a place in the curriculum of most public and secondary schools. Both the headmasters of Clayesmore School at Pangbourne and the Harrow County School believe that scouting is the greatest moral influence a boy can

command—"the Sermon on the Mount interpreted for schoolboys." It is common knowledge that education authorities all over the country are recognizing the Scout movement as an aid to the schoolmaster, and it will be within the memory of most of my readers that General Baden-Powell was recently invited to discuss his movement with the chiefs of the Board of Education in Whitehall. The educational potentialities of the whole scheme are, indeed, so great that several Continental Governments have recently appointed schoolmasters to journey to England so that they may study and report upon the possibilities of incorporating scouting into their national education. Indeed, when one thinks of it, the definite incorporation of scouting into the life of elementary schools would be a breath of inspiration to teachers and scholars alike; the teacher would find a help to that healthy discipline and *esprit de corps* which are so difficult to establish; and the scholar would find that in scoutcraft his deepest instincts are ministered unto. Six years of experiment have proved that Sir Robert's ideas are practicable—it has been found possible to inspire the boys with an enthusiasm absolutely unknown to others of their class outside.

A side of the organization which, perhaps more than any other, has affected the population of every corner of the globe is the training which a Scout undergoes for public service. "To serve" is the best of all traditions, and in these days, when there seems to be a sort of general desire among all classes to get something for nothing, it is somewhat refreshing to find that there is a class who not only refuse to receive something for nothing themselves, but actually do things for the general public without expecting or taking any reward for such service.

The Scout Law demands of its dis-

ciples that they shall each do at least one good turn every day, no matter how small or large it is. And it is not too much to say that there is hardly a person in any part of the kingdom who has not received some assistance at the hands of a Boy Scout. Nor is it surprising, when it is remembered that if every Scout in Great Britain alone did his minimum of one good turn per day, every soul in the British Isles would have received one such attention, and the large majority two!

Three years ago Lord Haldane realized the virtue and significance of this movement—it was then about three years old. He saw in it "a great national asset," and there are few, I make bold to say, who would question that estimate of its value. When the Duke of Connaught was in South Africa, he has related, he met Boy Scouts in every town, "always to the front and always taking a pride in any work which they were called upon to do"; and this is the experience of everyone who has come into contact with them, as I have previously shown.

It is not surprising that employers have also begun to realize the value of the scout training and to look out for boys who have gone through it. The trustworthiness, the alertness of mind, the handiness and resource of the Scout are qualities worth coveting and worth paying for, and they are qualities that the elementary school does not inculcate very successfully.

Another circumstance which illustrates the breadth of the Scout organization is its policy of emigration. It is generally admitted that emigration is one of the greatest political movements of the day, and though the work of co-ordinating and controlling it is as yet in its infancy, there is every sign that developments are taking place which will result in its recognition as one of the best means of solving social

and imperial problems. Several small parties of Scout emigrants have set sail for Australia and New Zealand. The lads are sent out with Government-assisted passages, which include the guarantee of a situation on arrival. The first of these groups was made up entirely of country boys. They were all strong, sturdy youngsters whose average age was about 17, and all had expressed a desire to emigrate. When a Boy Scout makes up his mind to emigrate every help is rendered him by the Scout Commissioner for Emigration. When the lads disembark in Australia they have two supports to back them—the Government guarantee of employment and the Scout machinery, which, if necessary, keeps the lads in touch with those who are wanting workers. The Secretary of the Boy Scouts' Association, Captain Wade, explained to me that the boys emigrated are the best possible type, as the Overseas Governments will not assist the passage of weaklings. "I question," he added, "whether we should be justified in sending out the worst of our boy population, before at least the boys had had some training in farm life in this country, and this we have not at present sufficient funds to give. At our training farm in Sussex, however, a few 'scholarships' have already been endowed, by means of which poor boys may secure, free of charge, efficient training for farm life in England or abroad. We hope to extend the class of lads as development of this branch of our work proceeds."

Five years have now passed since the movement was inaugurated, and the work of organization has been successful in establishing throughout the Empire one definite movement. The Scout movement is now not only Imperial, but universal, and it is not only vast and extensive, but it is growing with a rapidity and a strength that has never hitherto characterized any

innovation, either for the younger or the older generation. It is possible to believe that when the historian of this age comes to review its salient events he will point to the Boy Scout movement as one of the most potent and

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significant developments of twentieth-century civilization—developments which are, to use Lord Rosebery's famous phrase, "for the betterment of the nation's manhood."

W. Cecil Price.

BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI.

Priscilla was sixteen—the age where womanhood and childhood meet; for in her class they meet a little earlier than with girls kept back in school-rooms. If she had been gentry she would not have done with lessons yet; as she was the daughter of a poor man she had earned her own living for two years and had worked hard for it. Every Sunday afternoon she had trudged from the centre of Daneswick to Tinker's Green to see her father and mother, but in the two years she had only once spent a week at home, and that had been given her because her mother was ill and needed a nurse. The Days were no better off than before. Sam Day still drove round in his ramshackle donkey cart buying up poultry from the farms; and Mrs. Day still sat in the shed and did the plucking—a sorry trade and an unhealthy one. They hardly kept body and soul together on the profits, and Mrs. Day was still weak from the pneumonia that had fastened on her in the early spring and nearly killed her. She lived now from Sunday to Sunday looking for Priscilla's visits. Gertie and Lily were still in London running from place to place in search of a She who suited them; and the boys were still silent, perhaps alive, perhaps dead, but anyhow of no use to their family.

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"No trouble neither," said Mrs. Day, defending them. "Better be like Tom and Bert than like that good-for-nothing Bob Spiller as is either livin' on his people or doin' time."

For a year ago the notorious Tim Higgins had come out of gaol, had visited the Spillers and had led Bob Spiller into bad ways—if it can be said that a boy as idle and savage as Bob needed any leading. At any rate the two had tried every kind of picking and stealing their ingenious minds could devise, and, as they were not sufficiently ingenious, had been caught and charged and punished. When this happened Priscilla vaguely expected Polly Spiller to feel mortified and wear sackcloth and ashes; but the very Sunday after Bob was locked up his sister came to Tinker's Green in a white muslin dress and a pink sash. With it she wore a white hat and feathers, white shoes and stockings and long white cotton gloves. She came into the garden when she saw Priscilla and talked to her condescendingly over the fence.

"I suppose you know I'm goin' to London again to-morrow," she said.

"No, I didn't know," said Priscilla, looking wonderingly at the other girl's costume, at her sly bright black eyes, and at her apple-red cheeks.

"I thought you'd have 'eard. People

'ereabouts are such gossips and seem to have nothin' to do but pry into their neighbors' affairs. After tryin' London once I find Daneswick isn't good enough."

Priscilla had just come home for the afternoon. She wore a plain little serge coat and skirt that she had worn for more than a year, and lately she had outgrown it. She looked what she was: a tidy, quiet, rather shabby girl of the working class, who might be pretty some day when she could spread her wings. Just at present she was not nearly so pretty as she had been as a child; for Mrs. Masters made her plait and hide her hair, she wore clumsy boots, her hands were rough and she moved with the awkwardness of sixteen.

"I wish I was goin' to London," she said to Polly, "I'm sick of Daneswick."

"Well, look in *The 'Erald* and find yourself a place as I did," encouraged Polly. "It's as easy as anything. There's always a column of ads., wantin' country girls. I'm goin' as cook, where there's only two in family and no washin'. That's the sort of place to get—if you can. Wages eighteen pounds and a rise."

"Can you cook? I can't much."

"Lor'! what's cookin'? I've seen a lot. You stick a chunk of meat in the oven and take it out again, and if it's wrong you say you've never 'ad such an oven."

"But there's pastry and puddins and vegetables."

"Vegetables you puts in water and lets them cook themselves. If they won't they won't—it ain't your fault. Pastry I can make. I like it myself so I learned 'ow."

"I can cook as much as that," said Priscilla thoughtfully. "I've learned a lot from Mrs. Masters, helpin' her and watchin'. She's a good cook and so's mother."

"Shouldn't have thought she'd ever

'ad much to cook at," said Polly, with a toss of her chin that seemed to tilt her snub nose into the air more than usual.

"We didn't always live in a hovel on Tinker's Green," exclaimed Priscilla, her temper rising at the other girl's tone. It was the same to-day as it had been four years ago, she reflected. She could not talk to Polly Spiller without feeling ruffled; though it was Polly whose family was undesirable, and Polly whose brother had just been put in prison, it was Polly who gave herself airs.

"I'd like to go to London," she said suddenly at tea. Her mother had made her a slice of dripping toast and she had eaten it inattentively.

"I could see you had some rubbish in your head," said Mrs. Day. "London's no place for a girl of your age, with no friends to look after her."

"Then why did Lily and Gertie go?"

"They're years older. Wait another two years and then talk."

"I want to better myself," said Priscilla sulkily, "and I want to have my evenings like other girls."

"You don't know when you're well off; that's what's the matter with you," said her father; and Mrs. Day added that when it came to gadding about the streets at night, Priscilla must know what it was to want.

Neither the Days nor Mrs. Masters perceived that Priscilla was growing up and that it galled her to be kept in bounds that other girls of her age and class had outstepped long since. She never had any fun. It was work, work, work, from morning till night, and a sharp tongue after her; and for relaxation, the dull weekly walk to Tinker's Green and the recital by her parents of the week's miseries. Until lately she had not looked at life with this jaundiced eye. Though Mrs. Masters was sharp, she was just and considerate. The two years of hard, steady work had not hurt Priscilla,

because she had always had sufficient food and sleep; and she had learned all the elements of her skilled trade in a good school. There was not a dirty or an untidy corner in Mrs. Masters' house, the clothes were washed and ironed at home, bread was baked, jams were made, there was plenty and no waste. For two years Priscilla had worked and watched and learned, often scolded, sometimes praised, always treated with some regard as the child of friends rather than as the hired girl. She ate with the family. For a year and a half she had been happy, although she worked every day till her bones ached. Mr. Masters and Harry both liked her and were kind to her. She did not mind how much she ached when they wanted anything done. At least she did not mind as long as they came home every evening and had no interests outside except their work. But when Harry began to accept invitations and be made much of by people of some consequence in Daneswick, by Mrs. Morton, the chief grocer's wife, for instance, Priscilla felt hurt and jealous. Julia Morton had been to a boarding school and could play the piano. She did nothing all day and wore her hair in the latest fashion. She was eighteen and gave herself airs. When she came to supper with the Masters, Priscilla was told that she could not sit at table that night, but must wait on the party and clear away, as Mrs. Morton's girl did. She had to wear a black frock and a cap and apron, while Miss Morton arrived in a flowered muslin cut in Empire style, very chaste and elegant. She sat next to Harry at supper and made eyes at him. Priscilla hated her, especially when she laughed because a heavy dish was more than Priscilla could manage, and arrived on the table with a heavy thump. Harry laughed too, and his mother rebuked Priscilla for her clumsiness. That evening began the winter

of Priscilla's discontent. Miss Morton took to paying frequent visits, and the little slave girl suffered as the sea-maid did, for she had to watch Harry's courtship and be dumb. It was an unripe childish tragedy without rhyme or reason. Harry had long ago been kind to her, had mended the stairs for her, had given her the sugary buns. For two years she had lived in his home, serving him and growing attached to him. His bright eyes always twinkled at her kindly; he and she had little homely jokes together: once when he tore a good coat badly she sat up half the night and mended it so carefully for him that his mother, who would have scolded, never knew. Now, though he was still kind, he was indifferent and inattentive. One day, in Priscilla's hearing, Mrs. Masters asked her husband when he meant to take his son into partnership, and Mr. Masters said he supposed he'd do it directly Harry married.

"They'd never consent unless," said Mrs. Masters. "It 'ud be a better marriage than we've any right to expect—an only child and a tidy bit o' money."

Mr. Masters admitted that the boy might do worse if he must marry, but didn't see what he wanted to for, at his age.

"Why can't he wait a bit?" he grumbled. "When you and me married, I was thirty, and young enough too."

Next day, of her own accord, Priscilla gave notice. It was the first time she had spoken the fateful words and her heart quaked.

"You wish to leave this day month," echoed Mrs. Masters, taken by surprise. "What for?"

"I'm going to London," said Priscilla, making up her mind on the spur of the moment.

"Where to?"

"To a place."

"Who got it for you?"

"No—one—not yet. I see them every

week in *The Herald*. Polly Spiller got hers that way."

"Polly Spiller ! ! !"

Mrs. Masters knew all about the Spillers as a family and more about Polly as a minx than Priscilla did.

"I think your mother might have let me know herself if she wants you to have a change—instead of springing it on me like this just when the jam's coming on," she complained.

"Mother doesn't know," said Priscilla. "We can make all the jam you want this month."

"Do you mean to say you've taken on yourself to give me notice without so much as asking your mother's leave?"

"I'm old enough to please myself," said Priscilla.

"If I were your mother I'd soon learn you better than that," said Mrs. Masters. "But you can go. Once a girl gets it into her head to go, I'd never hold a finger up to keep her; and as for gratitude, I don't expect it."

"What have I got to be grateful about?" asked Priscilla, when she told the story at home. "Haven't I been up early and to bed late, working like twenty thousand niggers and gettin' six pounds a year and no evenin' out?"

"You've learned things, and you've been kep' all this time," said Mrs. Day. "Wait till you get yourself a bad place, then you'll know you've thrown up a good one."

"I can't learn much over a shop," said Priscilla. "I want to live amongst the gentry same as you did, mother."

"It isn't all milk and honey when you do," said Mrs. Day, but she did not try to keep Priscilla in her present place or even forbid her to go to London. The poor woman was so broken and battered by misfortune that her strength had gone; and with her strength her self-reliance and courage. She looked on at the young life and let it take its own way, possibly to better

luck and wider pastures. She could not remember what she had felt like herself at sixteen, but she knew that she had been free of her home at that age and keeping herself honorably. Six pounds a year was not enough for Priscilla to be earning now, and Mrs. Masters had not offered a rise. Besides, there were the evenings out that the girl had wanted lately, and not been allowed to have; and there was this Julia Morton always about the house now, making herself at home, before she had any right to. Mrs. Day could put two and two together, though she was old and poor and crippled with the rheumatism. Priscilla used to arrive on a Sunday afternoon brimming over with good health and spirits, full of the week's doings; full of chat about the Masters' family, ready above all to talk of Harry. Mrs. Day knew as much about Harry as if he had lived in her house, knew how he liked his bacon cooked and his shirts ironed, knew where he wore holes in his socks and how much sugar he wanted in his tea; knew also that for two years he had been invariably kind to Priscilla, saving her sometimes from his mother's sharp tongue, treating her more like a sister than a slave. Priscilla's eyes used to glow when she talked of him. Then suddenly she ceased to talk of him, grew discontented and restless, wanted evenings out again and hated Julia Morton with a great hatred. Mrs. Day would have been more dense than a mother can be if she had not put two and two together, but she did not take Priscilla's trouble seriously. At sixteen you love and lose without any mortal danger.

But Harry was distressed when he heard that Priscilla meant to leave them. To be sure he was madly in love with the brilliant and accomplished Julia, who could sing and play and even speak a little French. He went down any number of back streets

to his work now rather than pass Morton's shop and let her see him from her first-floor window in his working clothes; and every evening when he came back from work he had a bath and put on his Sunday suit and a clean shirt. "The work the boy makes!" exclaimed Mrs. Masters, but she egged on his wooing and thanked her stars the boy went where money was. At one time she had surprised him making sheep's eyes at Priscilla and had nearly sent the girl flying; for that would never do, she had said to her husband. However, just as she got anxious, Harry went to the Daneswick New Year Subscription Ball and met Julia Morton. No more sheep's eyes for poor Priscilla after that, and no more anxiety for Mrs. Masters. Julia had looked like an angel, in pink ninon over pink silk.

But although Harry's conscience was in a sense clear, in another sense it was not clear. He had never said a word to Priscilla that she could bring up against him, but they had lived under the same roof for two years and been great pals, there had been little jokes and there had been glances, ready service on her part and protective kindness on his. Why could it not go on, he wondered. Why should she go?

"I call it a rotten idea," he said.

For a wonder they were by themselves in the kitchen. He had come to say something to his mother and found Priscilla there alone. She was dressed for the evening in her black frock and white cap and apron, and she sat by the window sewing. The young pure lines of her face were touched by sadness, and so were her wide gray eyes. But she kept her eyes on her needle.

"I want to better myself," said Priscilla.

"There's no need to go to London to do that, though."

"There's no good places in Daneswick."

"Just as good as anywhere else. Look here!" He hesitated. Priscilla went on with her sewing. "Suppose I was to get married!" he began again stoutly.

Priscilla did not help him. She was patching a pillowslip, and put it on the table now to manipulate the troublesome corners.

"I may get married this year," the blunderer went on. "If I do, I shall have a house of my own."

"You're not engaged yet, are you?" said Priscilla, her heart going flip-flop so that she felt rather sick and fluttered.

"As good as."

"I'm sure I wish you every happiness. Is it Miss Morton?"

"Whoever it is we shall want a house and someone to do for us, and I'd rather have you than anyone."

Priscilla wished to say a thousand things and could not think of one. The rush of anger and misery that flooded her silly young mind seemed to swallow her power of speech. She sat there dumbly, stroking her patch with her needle, longing to get up and run away.

"It would be a ripping plan. Think it over," urged Harry.

"I've thought it over," said Priscilla, in a moment. She pushed back her chair, got up and faced him. Her eyes were blazing with anger, and showed him that in his own vernacular he had jolly well made a mess of it.

"I say——" he began.

"You and Julia Morton may get your skivvy where you like—you won't get me!" exclaimed Priscilla, and fled into her own little room.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried Harry, staring after her, and it made him very uncomfortable to see at tea-time, when she had to return to her duties, that

her eyes were red with tears. He had meant well.

CHAPTER VII.

The arrival at a London terminus was bewildering, but Priscilla kept her head. She engaged one of the porters running beside the train, told him she had a trunk and that she wanted to get to Surbham. He glanced at a big clock, told her she had ten minutes to do it in, ran her through to a distant platform, shoved in her trunk, and thanked her for the twopence she had ready. She had never been in a train before to-day, but her mother had told her what to expect, and as far as possible what to do. Priscilla had left Tinker's Green this morning, saddened by the parting from her parents, and now she was arriving at Surbham, a grown-up, independent girl, who had engaged as general in a family of two and was going to have evenings out. In between there had been a two-hours' journey and a friendly family who had given her oranges and biscuits and told her what to look at from the carriage windows. When she left them she began to feel rather desolate, and to wonder what lay before her with the family of two. The lady's letters had not told her much, but the paper on which they were written bore the address of a bank. Even that did not convey information, for what did Priscilla know of small banks and their still smaller suburban branches? But when she got to Surbham, she asked how far the bank was from the station and was relieved to find it close by at the corner of Surbham High Street. An out-porter trundled her trunk across for her and showed her where to ring the bronze bell. He was a chatty man with a red nose, and he asked her if she had come to stay, and when he might hope to see her again. Priscilla was not used to forming friendships so suddenly, and hardly

knew what to answer. Before she spoke the door was opened by a figure that instantly filled her with dismay, the figure of a big brawny woman, with signs of coarseness and ill-temper on her face. She had a swarthy skin, beady eyes, black hair, and the clothes of a sloven who apes the fashion and has a conceit of herself. She stared at the little figure of Priscilla as the ogre in the fairy tale stares at the victim whose bones it means to crunch, and told her to give a hand upstairs with her trunk.

"If you'd told me how small you were I shouldn't have engaged you," she said, when the porter had gone and she stood with Priscilla in the attic that was the servant's bedroom. The only window was a small one in the roof, and all Priscilla would have to look at up here was a grimy, brownish wall-paper peeling in large patches from the walls. There was no carpet, the ewer was cracked and broken, and the colored coverlet on the bedstead looked as if generations of generals had been too lazy to wash it.

"I'm used to work," said Priscilla, her spirits at the lowest ebb. "There was a lot to do in my last place."

"They all say that," said Mrs. Stoker. "I seem to get them when they want a holiday. Take off your things and come along down. There's plenty to do."

There was, indeed, Priscilla found, and she was up till midnight doing it. In houses of the better class servants do not expect to start work the night of their arrival. The rigid etiquette of life below stairs forbids it. But Priscilla had not alighted in a house of the better kind, or indeed in a house as sober, well-managed and comfortable as the plain working one she had left. When she went into the kitchen she found that it was a cubby hole with one window darkened by a blank wall. The floor was bare and very dirty. The

table was heaped up with refuse food and unwashed pans and crockery, the fire was out, the gas was half on and escaping, the air reeked of gas and recently cooked greens. Mrs. Stoker sat on the only unbroken chair drinking stout from a bottle she had opened by knocking off the head.

"Get a move on you," she called out the moment Priscilla appeared. "There are all these things to clean and your master's supper to cook. If he doesn't find it ready for him when he comes home he'll swear the house down."

Priscilla said nothing. If the house had been in Daneswick she would have borne the night and left next morning; but the house was in a crowded London suburb, and wretched as it seemed to be, it gave her shelter. She had only a shilling in her pocket, and her fare was not to be returned unless she stayed three months. Her life in service with strangers had begun badly, but she knew that there must be ups and downs in a life that was a pilgrimage. She felt desolate and homesick, but Gertie and Lily had both said they felt like that for a day or two in a new place. Anyhow, there was nothing to be done to-night. In the methodical way Mrs. Masters had taught her, she began to sort the jumble of things on the table, scraping plates, sorting the knives from the forks and spoons, taking pans to the scullery sink. Mrs. Stoker watched her with growing impatience and dislike.

"Here, give it to me," she said suddenly, snatching a saucepan from Priscilla's hands. "It gives me the creeps to watch you. You've got to fly round here or you'll hear words. This pan's all right. Put it up on the shelf and be quick and wash up. No, light the fire first. The wood's in that cupboard."

Priscilla opened the cupboard close to the stove and saw a jumble of wood and paper in the lower part of it. She

knelt down to get what she wanted, but started to her feet again with a cry of horror; for as she pulled the wood and paper towards her, a swarm of black-beetles came too. The cupboard seemed to be alive with them.

"What's the matter now?" cried Mrs. Stoker. "Black-beetles? Of course there are black-beetles. I never saw a kitchen with so many in my life. They're all over the food if you're not careful. It's no use standing there as if you were moonstruck. The wood and paper's in that cupboard and you've got to get it."

When Priscilla went to bed that night she dreamed of black-beetles and of a heavy-jowled, swarthy woman who drank stout and shouted at her, and of a big, coarse-looking man who came home drunk and shouted at his wife. "Two in family, light work and a quiet home" the advertisement had said, and she had spent her last shilling but one to come to it, and was in it as a mouse is in a trap. She could not leave at once unless she paid a month's wages, and she could no more get hold of one pound than of a hundred. At least she knew that her parents were powerless to help her, and she thought she would endure anything rather than confess her plight to Mrs. Masters or her sisters. Giving up a place with a Daneswick tradesman for a place in a London bank sounded like getting on in the world, and she wanted Harry and Julia Morton to think she was getting on. As for Gertie and Lily, she was afraid they would mock at her and interfere, call her a kid and send her back to Daneswick. Though Priscilla was so homesick that she cried herself to sleep, she did not want to go back to Daneswick; and she was determined not to be a kid any longer.

The alarm clock, set at six, woke her long before she had slept off the fatigue of the day before. As she

dressed by candlelight, she could hardly believe that yesterday she had been at Tinker's Green, awake early with excitement and stealing down before her mother woke to get the fire alight and breakfast ready in the cottage room that was so much cleaner and pleasanter than the terrible beetle-ridden bank kitchen. When she opened the door of it this morning, the floor, like the cupboard yesterday, seemed to be alive, and she stood on the threshold with her candle, waiting for the light to frighten them away.

"There's a fortnight's wash waiting," she had been warned last night; "mind you're down early and begin."

Priscilla had not engaged to do washing and ventured to say so; but though she spoke civilly and modestly she infuriated Mrs. Stoker. She had been engaged to do the work, and washing was part of it. Did she suppose she had come there to live in idleness? She ought to have mentioned in her letters what a puny, pale-faced little creature she was with wrists no bigger than a child's. Fine washing it would be, no doubt. But it had got to be done if Priscilla sat up half the night to do it. People who took situations and then refused to work could be turned off without pay. The law allowed it, and if Priscilla gave Mrs. Stoker any more of her nonsense she would find herself in the streets.

A penniless English girl threatened with the streets of Bucharest or Constantinople would not feel more helpless and homeless than Priscilla did at first in London. The front rooms looked on a crowded street, and though the crowds were fascinating, every face was strange. To be thrust amongst them with one shilling in her pocket would probably involve an appeal to the police and a forced journey from the police station to the workhouse. Priscilla stood all day at the washtub faint with weakness, broken-backed

and miserable, but she kept on. When meal-times came she was too tired to eat the untempting scraps left for her. By night she was dizzy with exhaustion and too worn out to resent Mrs. Stoker's fault-finding. She was used to work, but she had never worked like this, nagged at and driven, though she was doing her best. She thought of the Israelites making bricks under the lash of Pharaoh's overseers, and of the black men in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stoker could not whip her because this is a free country; but even in a free country poverty enslaves. The kitchen was full of steam and soapy fumes. The wet clothes lay about in piles or dripped from a rope slung across the kitchen. There were puddles on the floor, and Priscilla herself was wet to the skin. Poor little drudge of sixteen, homeless, ignorant, country bred, wanting like the rest of us to be happy, wanting at anyrate some decent measure of physical well-being, willing enough to work hard for it, but finding herself in such a galley on her first voyage into the unknown. She might have lighted on kindly, considerate people who do not regard a hireling as a machine they may work to breaking-point without compunction. It was bad luck that took her to a household where both man and wife were coarse-grained, quarrelsome and incredibly mean. All the week Priscilla was starved, scolded and hustled through a working day eighteen hours long; for she never got to bed till midnight, and had to be up at six; but after her first Sunday in London she dreaded most of all her day of rest. In Daneswick she had thought herself hardly used because she had no evening out like other girls of her age; but she had not foreseen what it would mean to be turned out into the London streets every week for seven hours having no food, and no shelter. Mr. and Mrs. Stoker locked up the house

on Sunday afternoons and spent the rest of the day with relations. They told Priscilla that if she returned before eleven she would have to wait on the doorstep, for they would not trust her with a key to let herself in. On the first Sunday she started in good spirits for a walk in London, rather frightened, but determined to see. It was disappointing in one way, because all the interesting shops were closed, but for more than an hour she felt proud and pleased to be in London instead of Daneswick. Then she began to want her tea and feel lonely. She still had only a shilling in her pocket, for she had been paid no wages yet, but when she passed a small eating-house with raw chops and tomatoes in the window, she went in and asked if they would give her tea and bread and butter and what it would cost. She was determined to be circumspect in her dealings with London folk—not to be overcharged because she was young and countrified. She got her tea for sixpence, and then in a quiet street she saw a stream of people going to church and went with them. That wiled away nearly two hours and rested her, but when she came out of church she did not know what to do next. She was not an hour's walk from home, and she had more than two hours to get through before eleven, hours, too, when the streets were becoming unpleasant for a young, solitary girl walking slowly because she was tired. Men stared at her, some spoke, and one followed, walking by her side and trying to make her answer him. Her heart beat with fright when this happened, and to escape him she got into a bus standing half-full at a street corner. He did not follow, and she sat still for some time with no idea of her direction. When the bus stopped at a crowded station she got down and asked the first policeman who could attend to her, how to get back to the

bank. He told her she was miles away and that she had better take a train. But she walked the miles and yet arrived bone-tired at a closed door and a dark house. So she went across the road and sat down inside the lighted station. She hoped the porter with the red nose would not see her, but he did very soon and entered into conversation. He asked her how she was getting on, and where she had spent her Sunday. Then he said that next Sunday he would have a few hours off and that if Priscilla would meet him he would take her to one of the parks where there would be a band and a crowd.

"Thank you very much," said Priscilla, "but I shall stay in next Sunday."

"Sunday week then—if I can arrange it?"

"On Sunday week I shall probably go and see one of my sisters," said Priscilla. She did not wish to make the man her enemy, but she did not take to him and she did not intend to "walk out" with him although she was so lonely. She knew that a girl must be careful about walking out, if she wants to avoid disagreeable complications. But the red-nosed porter was affronted and showed it. He gave a little snort, muttered something about Stokerses and skivvies and turned on his heel. Next time Priscilla and he met, he pretended not to know her.

At eleven a train arrived and Priscilla saw Mr. and Mrs. Stoker descend from it, both what she had heard her mother call "lit up." Mr. Spiller was often lit up, but compared with the Stokers Priscilla, looking back, called him agreeable. She fled across the road ahead of them and was waiting at the front door when they arrived, both in a bad temper. Mr. Stoker could not fit his key in the latch for a long time; but when Priscilla offered to do it for him he swore at her.

"Get our supper ready and be quick

about it, and then get off to bed," commanded Mrs. Stoker.

Priscilla was not surprised that they wanted supper at this time of night, and that they were going to drink more although they had drunk too much already. Nothing surprised her that was disorderly and excessive in this household, now that she had spent a week there. The beetles scuttled across the floor as she entered the close, evil-smelling kitchen, the gas flickered without a glove above the stained and crumpled cloth left on the table. She put out bread, cheese, butter and the whisky, while Mr. and Mrs. Stoker wrangled loudly about some pence Mr. Stoker had been obliged to pay because they had been found in a first-class carriage with third-class tickets. They were still wrangling when Priscilla went to bed with a little stolen chunk of bread and cheese in

her pocket. It seemed nearly morning when she was waked out of a heavy sleep by their voices quarrelling on the stairs. Then the house was still for a few hours and the beetles scuttled unvexed and undisturbed across the kitchen floor.

On the following Sunday Priscilla said she would rather not go out.

"You can stay in if you like, but you'll get nothing to eat," said Mrs. Stoker. "I shall lock the larder and the coal-cellar too. I'm not going to feed you when you're idle, or keep fires in for you either. You ain't worth it."

"If you'll pay me my fortnight's wages I'll buy myself something to eat," said Priscilla.

"You'll be paid at the month and not a day before," said Mrs. Stoker, who never had ready money and delayed every payment she could.

(To be continued.)

CHILDHOOD, TERROR AND THE GROTESQUE.

A sense of the Grotesque is a relic of mediævalism. The Time-Spirit of the Middle Ages was Puck in a monk's cowl. Morality then did not fear to play the jester. It was after Puritan rule that morality never laughed again. The modern architect does not bring his sense of fun to church. Builders, carvers, masons, bow to the established law that declared a divorce between drollery and religion.

It is vain to regret this passing of the Grotesques. They went with the eives and goblins, with Puck and all his friends. No art can bring them back. If a craftsman set himself now to carve the animals, the queer faces, the gargoyles, the mopping and mowing crew that entered into possession of the Gothic cathedrals, he would do it self-consciously, following after his

forefathers. He would work with a smile. But the mediæval carver worked, one knows it, with the portentous gravity of a child. To the modern a pious joke is unseemly. It was not so in the Middle Ages. A religious jest was wholly proper. Genial malice was always at home in church. Moreover, in the safety of that sanctuary you might jeer at the Devil himself. He and his grinning abominable dependents were your laughing stock. You could afford to make fun of them when the cathedral roof rose above your head. It is only among childlike and imaginative races that the Devil is still a butt. The Irish love to laugh at him. The guest-master of a Trappist monastery in the south of Ireland delights in jokes at Satan's expense. "If you suffer in purgatory," he says,

"won't you anyways have the laugh of the Devil? And that will be worth anything at all."

Who among modern carvers could create a gargoyle? If one did so it would be as lamentable as the play of a grown person with a child's bear. It is here you will find the difference between the days of Gothic art and our own day. The child-mind is the mind of the Middle Ages. The modern mind has for ever put away childish things. Piety and terror were the parents of the Grotesque. Knowledge and solemnity were its murderers. A child's glory is imagination. The glory of the full-grown mind is exact knowledge. But knowledge and imagination are stepbrothers who rarely agree. So childhood remains the imaginative age, and few children come through the mill of school life without losing this delicate quality of the spirit.

The child is a born artist, but he lacks expression and technical skill. By the time that he can acquire these his golden store of fancy has vanished. It is the leprechaun's gold. Some elect souls keep the memory of what they would have said till the time when they can say it. They learn expression in some school; but what they would express they learnt from Nature in the days before their thoughts formed any sequence, or could be called thoughts. For the most vivid things in a child's mind are not thoughts, they are impressions. There is nothing in all this world as sensitive to impression as a child's nature. Long, long before he has any names for what he knows, his mind is stored with pictures of things seen. What is essential to him his imagination will hold. Ask any man what are his earliest memories and it is likely that the things remembered are slight and futile. Events that changed the currents of life will have been forgotten while trivial moments are chronicled. With children sensa-

tion is stronger than thought. That is why Nature claims all children as her own pupils. The things that matter in that bygone golden age are not the moral precepts of the nursery, but the elemental happenings, 'the patter of rain on the leaves, the smell of the wet currant bushes in the kitchen garden, where the world renewed greets the little child who has been told not to get his shoes wet. It is the miracle of frost on the window pane that will teach the child more than any spoken word. His mind is full of these first experiences, his first sight of a multitude of stars, the first snow shining on the holly trees, the wonder of Christmas, the magic of meadows full of daisies, the pure rapture of haymaking, the dance of autumn leaves in the wind. When the years have divorced him from these things, when he has forgotten half of the knowledge he gained in school and college, when books read have faded, and spoken words have vanished, he will go back to those primitive sensations. The scent of the kitchen garden in the rain will bring him to his own childhood; the stir of the trees at night will recall the old thrill of excitement; the smell of the hay will renew his youth. These elementary lessons of Nature are the only lessons never forgotten.

Artists are made in Nature's school. Stevenson, Morris, Hans Andersen, Scott—the child in them is always visible. The first ten years of a child's life are imaginatively the Middle Ages. Abstract thought is impossible to him. The spiritual world is a reflection, distorted or glorified, of the world he knows. Heaven does not mean the Beatific Vision to a child; it is a place, probably the garden that he loves best, or a meadow watered by a river. It is sure to bear some relation to the scene of his summer holidays. Of Hell—who can say what children think? To

one child of a past generation it was a brickfield enveloped in a Manchester fog. She had a plan too, that if she went there she would use the bricks to build a church, where the Devil, who knows? might turn churchwarden.

Now these definitely conceived places are precisely like the pictures of mediæval artists. Among the Flemish painters there is none more imaginatively grotesque than Bosch. His is the child's mind made visible. Take his picture of Heaven and Hell in the Bruges Municipal Gallery. Hell is the abode of evil, mocking animals who make fun of the damned, a reversal of the jokes that were made at their expense in our cathedrals. Hell-spawn fly and crawl on every side. A fox in friar's cowl reads some evil lesson from his book; in the foreground creeps a reptile with a man's head, the face of a saint and the body of a reptile; the lesson is easy to read. How well does Ruskin describe the Grotesque as "a most natural manner of expression, springing as it does from any tendency to playfulness in minds highly comprehensive of truth."

In the picture of Heaven the artist has shown all the joys of a celestial Earls Court. The elect, devoid of any raiment, ride on unicorns and on peacocks. They sit and gossip in pleasant arbors. There is no ecstasy in this Heaven, as there was no remorse in Hell. The one place is a fancy fair, the other a goblin show. To this grotesque genius the temptation of Saint Anthony was a subject always dear. In the Gallery at Brussels there are four or five pictures devoted to it, and each is a masterpiece of creative imagination. It is here that Bosch is unrivalled. He has painted the bad dream of a fanciful child. The ludicrous and the horrid meet there; it is the very abomination of disorganized Nature. Law and order have been thrust aside, creatures, part bird and

part reptile, crawl around the saint. Hell-spawn, things human and bestial, join in this carnival of sin. It is the orgie of goblin nature. Types are fluid and run into each other. A little hill in the background turns out to be the distended body of some human creature. A thing without head commits harakiri; it is all a part of the devilish jest, for it will not die. These creatures of darkness seem to multiply as you watch them. They are bred in a moment by darkness and delusion.

The Grotesque may be hideous, but it is never decadent. "No element of imagination has a wider range, a more magnificent use, or so colossal a grasp of sacred truth."¹ The grotesque imagination creates a being ugly or terrible, but the decadent mind, which is never creative, distorts a natural form. The Grotesque may create a monster, but the Decadent would distort a god. Aubrey Beardsley was true child of the nineteenth century, for his genius was wholly decadent. But Christina Rossetti, born later than her real day, had the grotesque creative imagination given to few modern men, and, perhaps, to no other woman. She stood, as did the artists of old, on a summit of the soul, and saw the spirits of evil take form before her eyes. It was no vague miasma of sin wherein formless things moved to and fro, but a procession of goblin forms, distinct, ludicrous, and abominable. For her, as for the Mediævals, God was perfect health and beauty. God made everything after its kind and pronounced it good. But in Hell this order was travestied; types were mingled; things alien mated with each other. In *Goblin Market* the goblins are half-human, half-beast:—

"One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,

¹ Ruskin, "Modern Painters."

One like a ratel tumbled hurry,
skurry."

The Grotesque has, for all its terror, a wholesome element of the ludicrous. The gargoyle is for laughter as well as for terror. And these goblins are jesters:—

"They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother,
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother."

It is all a serious story with a moral, but you may laugh in the telling.

Another grotesque genius of the nineteenth century was Lewis Carroll. He is brother to Brueghel the elder, as Christina Rossetti is sister to Bosch. The Dodo, the Snark, the Jabberwock, are creations. In the imaginative realm, which is as real as another, they are alive; as much alive as Ariel and Callban and Titania, or as Major Pendennis and Mrs. Gamp and the Trumpet Major. Brueghel's *Fall of the Rebel Angels*, in the Brussels Gallery, might be a scene from *Alice in Wonderland*. A twin brother of the "White Knight" is in one corner, and animals that Lewis Carroll would have loved swarm around Saint Michael. The disorder of physical life that follows rebellion is the moral of this picture too. Even as they fall the angelic forms are lost and replaced by goblin shapes. There are creatures reptile and yet human. But some have lost any human semblance, they are sun-fish or frogs or evil birds. It is a riot of grotesque shapes, how different from Milton's vision of the fallen angels:—

"God-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities
And Powers, that erst in heaven sat
on thrones."

One reason for the decay of grotesque art lies in the comparative elimination of terror from modern existence. This sense of terror has always been an element of the imaginative life. It

bears witness to the unexplored limitless realm beyond our daily realities. Terror is the shadowland that lies around the little cultivated patches of our lives. It is the ocean that threatens the lighthouse of reason. There is no imaginative race that does not cherish this sense of terror as something essential to it. Who could think of Ireland as a land without ghosts or faeries? Who could believe in a child who knows no fear of the "terror that walketh by night"?

It is certain that though children suffer in the very torture chamber of fear they will of their own accord venture far on the Tom Tiddler's ground of terror. The children who are shielded from ugly stories, children who do not know the meaning of "ghost" or "haunted," will invent for themselves a mythology of dreadful forms. They will haunt the shrubberies, the outhouses, the staircases, the attics, with beings born of the imagination. No house so modern, no suburb so commonplace, but the children who live there will have peopled it with shapes more awful than the grown-up mind conceives.

Two little girls living in a part of Manchester that defies romance and mystery, made for themselves a cult of invisible wolves. The brickfields that lay behind their house were the hunting grounds of these creatures. When the six o'clock syren was heard in the evening, and the workmen went home, the wolves were abroad, and woe betide a child who lingered outside the garden gate. Indeed, if it had not been for a kind wolf named Bluebell, neither child might have survived to tell the story. They knew nothing of ghosts, but they peopled the darkness with veiled figures, hideous because so formless, and called them "the deadly Senuns." They made a beast indescribable and malignant and knew that his name was Rojur. They could not

swing perilously high on the garden swing but Grasp, a creature all claws and wickedness, would be upon them. But these terrors are not original, they are the common property of all imaginative nations and children. The wolves have their counterpart in the fox cult of the Japanese. Grasp is a cousin of Lewis Carroll's "Bander-snatch," and the Senuns haunt dark places the whole world over.

Among the Japanese the Grotesque has lingered late and in a very pure form. Craftsmanship has been theirs combined with a love of terror and of fun. The goblin shows of Japan are proper to a people who have preserved childlikeness as a national characteristic. The cloud-born dragon, the tortoise, the brave carp, the seven Patrons, had deep significance that made them worthy of the craftsman's skill in lacquer, falence, ivory, and embroidery. Those happy symbolic toys, storks and crabs and spiders, animals of woolly constitution, black and white mice, queer smiling gods, are the last relics of the passing of the Grotesque in the East.

Rationalism and childhood are as alien as starlight and noonday. The child is ever an adventurer. He rides a tilt into the dark and gallops back screaming. While you reassure him you see the joy of the adventure in his eyes. It is all a game, terrible often to the player, but a game that gives poignant excitement to life. It is the true grotesque sense. You fear the dark things of the night, but when day comes you would not be without them. You jeer at them one moment and fly the next. It was a mediæval game and every child plays it to-day.

The unnatural blending of species is characteristic of mythology and of mediæval ideas of hell. To the Greeks the Minotaur and Centaur were terrible for their part humanity. The evil things that beset

Saint Anthony in the old pictures are human as well as reptile. Just such creatures a child will imagine in the darkness of night. A little girl, living in a modern and unhaunted house, soon filled it with ghostly lions that were man as well as lion. Their den was in an attic and there they spent the day, but at night they crept about the passages. The child heard their heavy breathing, their stealthy movements. She saw their shadows on the wall. Once, indeed, a lion's paw was seen coming through the ceiling. A lion at the Zoo was a handsome, even a lovable creature. But this man-lion was altogether maleficent, for a human brain governed his leonine strength and ferocity. Just such fear had the little Greek girls, perhaps, of the Minotaur. Childhood changes little with the centuries.

But this sense of terror rarely survives the growth of experience and education. The child loses it in its vague unreasoning form. It is the artist who can recall it at will. Coleridge when he wrote the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* harked back to the fears of childhood. Who could suggest an end to *Christabel*? The bad dream wakes the child with its terror. Coleridge woke and never finished his story. For, after all, the terror realized is never more fearful than the terror apprehended. *Christabel* is terrified before she sees Geraldine:—

"The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at
the sky,
Hush, beating heart of *Christabel*!"

Christabel is in the grip of terror as soon as she reaches the wood "a fur-

long from the castle gate." Does anyone ask the end of the story? It is a nightmare, and nightmares always break abruptly at the climax of dread. It is so in one of the finest poems of terror in our language, Browning's *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*. The bare title would make a child afraid. This Dark Tower, where was it? Who were its inhabitants? We never know. The poem ends outside the Dark Tower. All the terror of it has lain in the horror apprehended in the baleful surroundings, in the oppression of the mystery. It belongs to the art of nightmare to signify the approach of the terror so that, as you read, you feel all the fear of the story though no fearful shape has appeared:—

"For looking up, aware I somehow
grew,
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given
place
All round the mountains—with such
name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stol'n
in view.
How thus they had surprised me—
solve it, you!
How to get from them was no plainer
case.
Yet half I seemed to recognize some
trick
Of mischief happened to me, God
knows when—
In a bad dream, perhaps. Here ended,
then,
Progress this way. When, in the very
nick
Of giving up, one time more, came a
click
As when a trap shuts—you're inside
the den!
Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place!"

The Dark Tower is for ever a mystery. One would know it at a glance if in some bad dream one wandered there, "the round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart." It is a land-mark in

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shadowland. A house that has become as real, but not more fearful, though one knows the worst of it, as the House of Fear where "Jimbo" lay so long. Mr. Algernon Blackwood is one of those who remembers the sense of terror. He goes straight back to childhood. He pushes into the very heart of darkness and sees Fear himself. There are few who can do that to-day.

The Ancient Mariner is a poem of nightmare. But, unlike *Childe Roland*, it is definite. It belongs to the grotesque spirit in its morality; its ugly happenings bring a warning. It is the ancient Mariner himself who is terrible. He has a distinct personality. We know him to be good, but he is of those who send children scurrying through the garden when twilight deepens into darkness. The wedding guest felt it. He was shaken out of his cheerful midday mood when he met the old man:—

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and
brown
As is the ribbed sea sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown!"

We have all feared him, as we have feared Bluebeard, and the blind beggar of *Treasure Island*, and Browning's "hoary cripple, with malicious eye." They haunt the places of the dark, where there are were-wolves and goblins and "things that go bump in the night."

Perhaps a generation of children unafraid will be born some day and terror will be forgotten. Then the Grotesques of our Cathedrals will have no meaning for those who see them. But if that day dawns—and we, by the mercy of Heaven, shall surely be dead before it comes—there will be no childhood any more.

W. M. Letts.

SKETCHED IN WAR TIME.—II.

BY A WOMAN RED CROSS SURGEON.

WARD FIVE.

"I wouldn't really mind going on night duty, if only there were no Peta Stala, no Ward Five, but that one room is worse than all the rest of the hospital together. The other wards go to sleep, at least generally, but there is always some one really very ill indeed in the Peta Stala keeping me there nearly all night! It's a dreadful room!"

Such was the opinion of the nursing staff of the Fourth Etapna Hospital, but there were two people in that hospital who loved the Peta Stala and who love its memory still, the Sister of Ward Five, and myself, the surgeon in charge. It could not well be otherwise after all the days and nights we worked there, all our struggles day after day and week after week to save Nikóla's leg and Peter's foot, and the desperate hours when we refused to let Georgi die, poor Georgi, who lay with his whole system poisoned from his septic wound, saying, "*Don't* do any more, Doktorké, I am so tired!" Almost all the worst surgical cases were in Ward Five, and, when we had had medical cases as well, I confess that more than once, on reaching the door in the morning, I made some feeble excuse to myself and went and did something else, just to put off the moment of entering! And yet every day, when the plunge had been taken, when I had been round and had learned the worst, how Georgi—the typhoid—could not swallow, and Mitu opposite had another rise of temperature, and Peter—the foot—had a bad pain in his inside, and Peter—the fractured skull—was lying shaking with terror because his face had twitched, and he was sure the lady doctor would at once want to trephine him again, and Georgi—the

fractured femur—had a rash, and Georgi—the septicæmia—had a temperature of 97 and a pulse of 120,—every day, heartened by the sight of my good comrade the Ward Sister and her faithful work, I continued the attack on the Peta Stala, loving it more than ever.

What times we had with naughty Peter and Ilfa who would not stay in bed! Ilfa had dysentery and Peter had a septic foot with inflammation of the veins of the leg, and in spite of all the threats and warnings in the Comrade's eloquent speech and in my Bulgarian, which though not extensive in its vocabulary was at least thoroughly comprehensible and forceful, these two friends and accomplices, boys of twenty or twenty-one, Peter the shepherd-lad and Ilfa the farm-laborer, were continually disappearing from their beds and from the ward. Again and again we chased them back and tucked them up, but still, whenever Sister's back was turned, as it frequently had to be, seeing she was in sole charge of (in quiet uncrowded times) twenty-five cases, the Irrepressibles would once more be found to have "softly and silently vanished away," and would next be seen by their harassed guardians standing in the compound in a piercing March wind, engaged in some lengthy conversation, or perhaps they would gently insinuate themselves into the ward after an hour or two's absence, having spent the time in calling on a friend in the next hospital! As the Comrade said, "If one only knew what they would do next, it would be easier!"

Ilfa came to us first at the Convoy Corps Hospital in November with five wounds in his arm and a double compound fracture; he looked a haggard

man of thirty, but as the wounds healed and the bones united, the lines of suffering disappeared, the bones of his face became less and less evident, until at last he looked what he was, a well-conditioned lad of twenty. He was a trial, but he was a dear boy all the same, and his silky black hair was delightful to pull! He had a sharp attack of pleurisy during his convalescence from dysentery, and he freely acknowledged that his chest-pain had come on after one of his forbidden rambles in the cold spring winds; but in spite of all his disabilities he was able to go home in April, when the Fourth Etapna Hospital was closed, jaunty to a degree in a new uniform whose scarlet shoulder-straps, facings, and cap were vastly becoming to his black hair and brilliant dark eyes.

And Peter? Poor boy, his wounded foot was not the only thing against which he had to contend, for his lungs were attacked by the tubercle bacillus, which wreaks fearful havoc among the Bulgarian people, and I can only hope he is now in some sanatorium. He was a quaint lad, a spoilt baby, the only child of his parents, and oh! the sulks when the cruel doktorka refused him the roast pork and sauerkraut which his soul desired. "Temperature high? Yes, of course it is, I know, and it will go on being high so long as I have no proper food. No, Sister, you may as well take it away and give it to somebody else, I will not take any more milk. What's milk? It is *food* I want." But when Ilia was ill, or when the other Peter was recovering after his operation, Peter watched over them as if they were sheep of his flock on the uplands of Bulgaria. He had ideas and reflections too, lying in the ward through the winter days or in the spring sunshine in the compound. The Sister of my second ward was engaged one day as usual in teaching me some

more Bulgarian words in the few spare moments at our disposal, and the new sentence was, "Obícham nivéto, moréto, certzéto." "I love the sky, the sea, the heart," I repeated meekly after her, and a pensive voice from Peter's bed remarked, "Yes, doctor, and what is in any of them? Kol asnaí, who knows?"

The Fifth Ward was the last to be cleared when the Fourth Etapna Hospital was closed; the cases there were the worst to move, and each time, as we walked slowly down the lines of beds writing the lists of those to be discharged, I shook my head as we came to the Peta Stala, and we said, "No, not yet, they must have a little more time." Once, when Ilia was moderately convalescent, his name got on to the list for Bulgaria, but Ilia did not want to go, and Ilia's temperature went up that night and stayed up the next day, and his name was erased. I had no doubt he assisted the thermometer, but after all there was plenty of room for him, the hospital was beginning to be emptied, and his pleurisy was still recent, so Ilia stayed with the Peters and the Georgis and Nikóla until there was no one else in the Fifth Ward, and the last morning came. The last morning, and the last dressings before the journey! The Comrade and I worked away at them to the accompaniment of impatient shouts from the compound below, where the carts were standing waiting: "Peta Stala! Kadé Peta Stala? Where is Ward Five?" and a Peter or a Georgi already dressed would put his head out of the window and say soothingly, "Da, da, yes, yes, it's all right, Peta Stala is just coming."

At last we had them all ready, and every one except Nikóla, whose fractured thigh was in plaster of Paris, walked downstairs alone or with the help of "the best crutches," one of the Tsaritsa's gifts to the hospital, and one by one we packed them into the carts to go to the

station, and said farewell, not once or twice, but a dozen times, before the oxen were yoked and the wheels began their creaking roll; then, standing in the compound, we watched the carts disappear among the apple-trees, answered the last hail from one of the Georgis as the last cart was lost to view, and turning away we went sadly upstairs to the desolate barrack dormitory which for three months and more had been our Peta Stala—and Sister relieved her feelings by having a tremendous spring-cleaning.

HOSPITAL VISITORS.

"Peter Marinoff, Peter Marinoff of the 21st regiment?" I looked up from Nikóla's fractured femur to see a little old woman coming slowly down the ward, scanning with anxious eagerness the beds on either side as she waited in vain for an answer to her call—"Peter Marinoff"—and then, "Is there *anybody* here from the 21st Regiment?"

"No, little mother, nobody here from the 21st. Is he thy son, this Peter Marinoff?"

"My youngest, O lady doctor. I am come from Bulgaria to seek him, and they told me that here he might be found."

"Not in this room, mother, but look for him in the other wards, and, if not there, yet may he be in the Russian Hospital close by. They say new wounded arrived there last night. Farewell, and a speedy ending to thy search."

"Farewell, O doctor," and the sad little figure passed on to the next ward to ask again with quiet voice and eager eyes, "Is there anybody here from the 21st Regiment?"

How often did we hear them calling for their sons, their nephews, or their grandsons, sometimes a father and mother together, or a party of old people who had travelled in company from far away and were seeking their

children through the long lines of hospital beds—seeking, alas, so often in vain! I met four men in the road one day hurrying towards our hospital. "Art thou from the Russian Hospital?" said the oldest of the four. "No," I said, "I am from the Fourth Etapna, next to the Russian Mission." "Ah, but perhaps thou knowest my boy, Dimiter Petkoff of the 18th Regiment? Is it not so?" But I had to confess that I did not know any of the men in other hospitals. "Is he surely there, and is he wounded?" I asked. "Yes, wounded at Adrianople; and they tell me he was brought to the Russian Hospital last night." "Oh then," I said cheerfully, "his wound will be but a little one, for all those who came last night were only slightly wounded." Never in my life have I so repented being cheerful. The old man looked at me. "Lady, it is my only son!" he said, and turned along the road, and I hoped with all my heart he would quickly find his boy at the Russian Hospital.

In the Convoy Corps Hospital we were often accosted by a small girl and boy with, "Please, doctor, can we go up and see Daddy?" We must first investigate the basket or the napkin-covered plate the children were carrying. "Oh, you are bringing sour milk, and eggs, and mekitzi (little breads) again? Yes, up you go." "Daddy" was one of our patients who had many friends and relatives in the town, and the delicacies they brought, too numerous for his sole consumption, were shared by several of the less fortunate men in the wards; but when, on the departure of the Convoy Corps, he was removed to the British Mission a mile and a half from the town, the Englishmen, as they afterwards told us, were obliged to prohibit his visitors, for an entire family would arrive in the ward in the early morning prepared to picnic there for the rest of the day!

Daily visitors to the hospitals were vendors of cigarettes, newspapers, sweets, eggs, and "sweet milk or sour," "mléko, mléko, présno o kfcelo mlék-o!" and a roaring trade was carried on in the hospital compound among the convalescents, a fair amount of business being done also in the wards. We often wondered "what *would* they say at home?" as we saw the stores behind our patients' pillows, and occasionally we were compelled to make a clean sweep of some really too choice collection, but for the most part we allowed the men to get what they liked. Poor fellows, many of them well on the way to be healed, and all longing for home, one had to make the place as little like a hospital barrack as possible, and if they did once or twice suffer from a too recklessly varied menu, what was a dose of castor-oil here and there? But there was one thing we sternly forbade, and that was roast pork in the middle of the night! We were only able to have one nurse on night duty for each hospital building, and consequently there was ample time for a gorgeous feast between Sister's visits, especially if there were several bad cases in other wards. But there came a night of discovery, when an English Sister was on duty, and then at last we knew the hitherto untraced cause of several internal complaints! Henceforth we kept an even more widely open eye on the presents and purchases of our patients, and the midnight banquets came to be but memories of a dear delightful past.

One day the hospital was thrilled by the news that the Queen was coming to Kirk Kilisse to inspect the hospitals! We were in the midst of spring-cleaning, the wards were being white-washed one by one—"hurry, hurry, and get them done in time, before the Tsaritsa's visit!" For nearly a week we lived in daily expectation of her arrival, and at last the day really came.

What could we do to show the welcome we were all feeling? We looked round, and there out in the fields was the almond blossom, waiting, inviting us to gather it. Sisters and patients made time to go out, and came back laden with glorious boughs of pink and white bloom, the unlovely wards were decked with its beauty, and every one was more than rewarded for their efforts when her Majesty exclaimed at the unexpected rosy loveliness, in the midst of the chill bareness of the hospital.

Queen Eleonora was a most gracious visitor, and a most practical one also; she spoke to each patient, not merely a word of greeting or of cheer, but inquiries as to how long they had been in hospital, where they were wounded, how were they progressing, were they warmly clad, and (oh, our joy when we heard it!) had the lame patients good crutches? The crutches we had were like Wordsworth's hedgerows, "lines of sportive wood run wild," and we blessed her Majesty ever after for the veritable crutches which arrived next day. The Tsaritsa is herself a trained Hospital Sister, and her interest was therefore that of an expert as well as of a mother of her people; and it is no wonder that her goodness of heart and thoroughly practical kindness have endeared her to her adopted nation. "Ah, yes, our Tsaritsa, our Eleonora, she is a Queen indeed; she does not only sit and talk about things, she goes and sees and *does* them, and aren't we just proud of her? Some of your European (*sic*) Queens may be grander perhaps, but would we change with you? Not we!"

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

Ten o'clock on a scorching April morning, and the station at Kirk Kilisse thronged with a hurrying crowd, anxious, perspiring, laden with hand-luggage, and, needless to say, all talking at once! The First Etapna Hos-

pital staff was going to Tchoru, and the Fourth Etapna was starting for Usün Keupru. There were a few other passengers travelling by what was always known as "The First Train," although there was no other during the twenty-four hours, but the *personnel* of the two hospitals already more than filled the compartments. In our division of the corridor carriage, which had comfortable accommodation for six, there were eleven people, eight crowded on to the uncushioned seats, two precariously balanced on some of the innumerable packages containing precious treasures, which could not be entrusted to the luggage van, and the eleventh standing, leaning on the outer door for support! But it was long before we were all packed into the train; every one knew everybody else on the station, and every one had to say good-bye to the rest of Kirk Kilisse, who had come to see us off; greetings filled the air and long farewells, for who could tell, in the fortunes of war, when we should meet again? There was the post-office clerk, a young law student of Geneva, who arrived at the station with our morning mail, pessimistic as ever, more depressed than usual because his opportunities of French conversation were leaving Kirk Kilisse with us, and seeing no hope of any change of work for himself. "No, docteurs, you are lucky, going to a new place, but there is nothing for me but to stay on here for months and months as I have already done. Yes, I tell you the war will not end yet. What did I say at Christmas? You did not believe it, but I was perfectly right, for here you are still in Bulgaria! You foreigners may possibly be able to go back home in a month or two, but for us others there will still be the hot post office, and the dust and the crowds, and, worst of all, no one to talk to! *Au revoir!*" and he went sadly back to work.

"Guten Tag," said a voice beside us, and we turned to see the recently appointed Censor of Correspondence (not the Censor chased by Kostadin), an actor from Vienna, "Not well known at present, but I hope some day to be among the stars,"—and if he entertains his audiences one half so well as he did ourselves, on the occasions when we took our own letters into town, to be stamped in his bare little office, up the rickety stairs of a tumble-down house in a side street, surely one day he will rise like the sun, and his name will occupy that coveted position at the end of the cast, below the expressive "and"! We parted from him, exchanging good wishes for all our future careers, and promising to join an enthusiastic audience in applauding him some day in London town. Every one was "coming to London some day," and "Good-bye, doctors, until we meet in London," was a frequent and very cheering parting word.

Ding dong, ding dong! The second bell, and we all began to get into the train; the mass on the platform gradually reduced itself, and the capacity of that train was stretched to the uttermost. Final handshakes from the high windows, half a dozen people standing on tiptoe below, half a dozen crushed through the window-frame above, late comers hanging like a swarm of bees on every step and footboard, last messages and injunctions, then Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! clanged the third bell, and slowly past the cheering waving crowds in the station moved the train, with handkerchiefs and caps thrust out from every window, and Good-bye, Good-bye—finis to the chapter headed "Kirk Kilisse." We left it after five months of work, with memories of many difficulties and some hardships, but with memories also of friendship true and gay, of generous helping hands ready to aid in troublous times, of pain and weariness bravely

borne by sick and wounded, of untiring devotion and faithful tender care lavished upon their soldier brothers by the Bulgarian volunteer nurses in our wards, and with, we hoped, a wider and a deeper understanding ourselves of life, of service and of brotherhood.

Through Kirk Kilisse, with its dusty sun-baked streets, its old burial-grounds with the long Turkish tombstones reared in hundreds and now pointing to the sky in as many different directions, its domes and minarets, its forts, its vineyards, and its fairy fields of orchard blossom—on went the train, slow and relentless, past all the well-remembered places, until even our Fourth Etapna Hospital, the extreme outpost of the town, was lost in the trees, and a final backward glance showed only the white stones of the officers' graveyard on a mound among the meadows, and we sat down wondering which of us would be brought back in after years by the workings of fate to see once more "the City of Vines."

Puffing desperately along, the engine struggled over its appointed way, but, besides being a slow train which stopped at every station, "The First Train" was evidently also an express of the celebrated kind which stops between the stations. Many and exasperating were the halts on the track in the blazing heat, but the stations provided welcome relaxation, both physical and mental. Every one got out, met their friends, and continued the conversation broken off at the last stopping-place, until the second Ding dong! sent us all flying back to our slippery wooden perches in the train. One and a half hours after leaving Kirk Kilisse, after perhaps fifty minutes of travelling, and forty spent in waiting on the way, we reached Alpoullou, the junction for Tchorlu, and here for four solid hours we awaited the train from Tchorlu to Adrianople, which would take us on to Usûn

Keupru. But what is four hours in the Balkans? We, after five months' apprenticeship, had learned to be almost Eastern in our attitude towards time, and could accept delay with placidity, simply resigning ourselves to fate, and sitting down with folded hands until the path was freed from obstacles and we could proceed as we had in the dim past intended. At Alpoullou accordingly we sat down to wait. First of all we joined the crowd in the waiting-room and sat upon one of the numerous beds which left small space for the two narrow tables which completed the furnishing of the room! We could not understand at first why there should be beds, but afterwards realized that wounded soldiers also had to "change at Alpoullou," and wait for hours perhaps as we had, or even for a longer time, so that there was really no madness in thus providing for waiting passengers, but truly thoughtful method. The station at Alpoullou was certainly in charge of some one with a sympathetic soul, for large cups of tea were served free of charge to all who wished it—and few, indeed, were the passengers who neglected the opportunity which they were so fortunate as to have. After a luncheon of tea, bread and cheese, we adjourned to a shady spot outside the station, sat on a log and talked till we slept, awoke to drink tiny cups of Turkish coffee sent over from the inevitable corner shop, and dozed again in the heat, awaking yet again to stretch our cramped limbs and drink another cup of delicious tea in the waiting-room, where we found more than one of our travelling companions fast asleep on the surrounding beds! After long ages, our despairing eyes saw the train at last creeping towards the station, but when eventually it drew up, alas, the officers' portion was already packed full, even the corridors overflowed with passengers! What could we do? Not another

train for at least six hours! A keen-eyed colleague spied a horse-box not absolutely filled with soldiers, and to this we repaired with our lesser luggage, the other baggage, for which no resting-place could be found in any truck or van, remaining in charge of two orderlies, to be brought on by the next train. Up we climbed into the horse-box, piled handbags and rugs conveniently, and sat in the open doorless entrance kindly vacated for us by the soldiers, while four lucky members of the party, including myself, sat on the edge with our feet hanging over. It was a lovely afternoon, and we journeyed far more comfortably than in the crowded compartment of the morning train; we had room to move, plenty of fresh air, and, cool and revived, we were able thoroughly to enjoy the hawthorn bushes, the little ponds with small white flowers like jonquils in the water, the fields of flax, the oaks in delicate leaf, or the vivid blue of anchusa carpeting some dainty dell.

On rolled the train through the sunny afternoon, among the low hills, the corn-fields, and the meadows, until we felt as if it must go on for ever, and for ever we should be carried through a world of afternoon—no more work, no more hospitals, no more sick and wounded, nothing to do but sit undisturbed and wonder what flowers there would be round the next corner. The train panted up a hill, and round the next corner was Usûn Keupru station, and the railway journey of forty miles was over. It had taken eight hours to accomplish, and dusk was beginning to fall when we left our dreams of undisturbed repose, clambered stiffly from the friendly horse-box, and, mounting a tiny carriage like a baby victoria, were whirled at a reckless pace down the dusty hill from the station towards the new work awaiting us in the Field Hospital.

FROZEN.

"And you, Doctor, will take charge of the surgical cases. Let us go and see them." "With pleasure, M. le Chef," I replied, and we went down the steep hillside, away from the cholera tents where Two was working, past the enteric tents, which were in One's charge, till we reached the hospital buildings, a factory and a dwelling-house, on the banks of the river Ergene, and at the western end of the Long Bridge of stone which gives its name to the town of Usûn Keupru.

In the dwelling-house, after visiting the operating theatre (which was also the dressing-room), the pathological laboratory, and two rooms inhabited by nursing Sisters, we went up the wide double staircase and entered a small room about twelve by fourteen feet, containing seven beds, all occupied. "These were all frozen in the second snowstorm in March," said the Director, "and these two," indicating two young men with pale yellow faces lined with pain, "have both had their feet amputated." There were twenty wounded limbs in that one room, and no one needed to ask in what state the wounds were. In spite of open windows the atmosphere told its own tale; gangrene had been at work. "Yes," said the Director, "when they arrived we were determined to save everything possible, but in many cases the fingers came away like a glove when we opened the dressing, or we would find the line of demarcation already well marked on the hand or foot—and what could one do? They are nearly all improving now." I gasped inwardly, looking at the weary faces on the low hard pillows; what these men must have endured in the days before their wounds were "improving"! But the chief was going on—"There are several orderlies who are quite capable of

helping with the dressings, and the Starshi (non-commissioned officer and head nurse) knows all the cases and can answer any questions." We visited the other three wards, and the factory where I had sixty more patients, and found much the same state of things in each, though that first room was worst of all. There were wounded in the other rooms as well as frozen cases, but, as in Kirk Kilisse, all the wounds were septic and discharging, though none of them were so appalling as those we had treated in our first little hospital. But the sadness of the frozen limbs, and the hopelessness of the years stretching before those young men! Think of them, four boys under twenty-five, with no feet and no fingers, and only the stump of a thumb! "What am I to do, Doctor?" said one boy of twenty-one, married already and with two babies—"what am I to do now?" Apart from the lump in my throat, I could not reply in sufficient Bulgarian, but the cheery Starshi came to the rescue: "Why, of course you'll soon be going to Sofia, and there they'll make you lovely gummi feet, you won't know yourself, they'll be so comfortable; oh, be sure of it, you'll do very well indeed, don't you fret." But no wounds I ever treated were so pathetic as those frozen feet. An orderly would arrive in the dressing-room, bearing on his back a young soldier with bandaged feet, would dump him down on the operating-table with a cheerful "There you are, Georgi, soon be dressed now, getting on fine you are, better every day," and two dressers would set to work, each on the remains of a foot or the stump of a leg, and Georgi, helpless on the table, would keep smiling, or would set his teeth for a while until the worst was over. The first day I was there, an elderly man and woman appeared in the room while the work of dressing was in full swing. On inquiry I found they were the par-

ents of Ivan who had just been carried in to have his feet and hands (what was left of them) dressed. Ivan was their only child, and might they stay while his wounds were dressed? They would be very good and not say a word if they might but stay with him, they had come from Bulgaria to find him and were starting on the homeward journey to-day. Would the lady doctor be kind, and graciously allow them to stand by and see Ivan dressed? Poor souls, I let them stay in the end, and they kept their word and made no sound—I only wished they would. The father stood leaning against the wall crushing his cap in his fingers, while the mother stood holding the bandaged hands until the feet were finished, and then crouched down and took the maimed stumps into her arms, gathering them to her breast as if they were the tiny Ivan who had rested there not twenty years before. It comforted the lady doctor, if they had only known it, to see that Ivan would be well cared for when he was eventually able to go to his village. One poor fellow of twenty-five, who had lost half of each foot and almost all his fingers, had not a relative in the world. No wonder he was so slow to acknowledge that his hands and feet were healing, and no wonder he made small efforts to hold his spoon in his bandaged palms, or to stand up on his heels and try to walk, as most of the frozen did. His eyes used to reproach me, when I urged upon the tender-hearted Sister the necessity of training him to use his hands and of not allowing him to remain a helpless baby, as if he said, "Why should I try to be well enough to leave the hospital, where I lie in a comfortable(!) bed, where good food comes to me each day, and where Sister feeds me and looks after me as if she were my mother? In the wide world there is no one else to care for me!"

Day after day we tended these limbs, there were between eighty and ninety surgical cases, with over 200 wounds to be dressed; and in spite of difficulties and drawbacks they improved wonderfully. Gradually the dressings decreased, both in number and in size, as the wounds healed up, until at last, just before we ourselves left Usûn Keupru, we watched a long procession of convalescents marching slowly to the station, followed by carts taking those who were not yet able to walk so far, and beside those carts I said farewell to the last of my friends with the frozen feet. Only four were left behind, and they would soon be ready to follow the others to the central hospitals in Sofia. "Ah," said one of them, one of the many Georgis, "I am nearly healed of my wounds, and my inside is also recovered from its dysentery. Lo, now I see the reason why these Anglitchânki were sent to Usûn Keupru!"

THREE TURKS.

The first Turk we met was the driver of our bullock-wagon on the trek from Yambol to Kirk Kilisse. We were rather alarmed to find that our cart, instead of being the property of one of the sturdy Bulgarian drivers, belonged to a Turk, but when he turned round our fears were set at rest. An elderly man, with a straggly little gray beard, a deeply-lined face, sunken eyes looking out mournfully from his weather-beaten countenance, a turban whose youthful brilliance had long merged itself in shades of green and gray, a brown coat, baggy trousers of faded blue, and a loin-cloth originally crimson, now russet and purple: I can see him now, if I shut my eyes, padding along the road in aged sandals of sheepskin, his legs encased in white cloths bound with brown and black leather thongs eked out with string, a forlorn figure, seldom speaking except to his bullocks, apparently sunk deep

in meditation, but really always on the alert to find the best path for his cattle, and never too far from the roadside to see a hole in the track and to return with silent footfall to lead his beasts, by the slender cord round their necks, safely past the pitfall into the comparative safety beyond. Poor "Turkey," the Bulgarians treated him with cheery contempt, and he led a solitary life among the crowd of drivers; but we found that the deep melancholy of his face could be lightened, and his mournful mouth could even smile, if he were offered that joy of Eastern lips, a cigarette. The only word common to him and to ourselves was "Tuka" (here), but it was wonderful what could be done by that one word: if we called "Tuka," he came; if we wanted a bundle put in or out of the cart, we pointed to the baggage, then to its desired resting-place, and "Tuka" completed the order! And he also conversed with us by means of "Tuka." We might hear, as it were, a cat scrambling in the depths of the wagon behind us, and turning we would see the back of Turkey's coat, or perhaps catch a glimpse of the blue trousers, while later the rest of him would emerge, sadly triumphant, with a loaf of bread, half a cheese, or a few onions, which he would wave gracefully towards us with "Tuka," as he silently disappeared from the cart with a soft rustle of the matting roof and a gentle thud as he dropped to the ground.

Some of the drivers were really inconsiderate in the way they arranged their own possessions and had to dig them out when their passengers were asleep, and one or two looked upon all rugs and blankets as common property, and were seen comfortably sleeping on the same while the inmates of the cart were taking a walk! But Turkey was a jewel, never there when not wanted, always at hand when we

called, soft-footed and quiet as a creature of the woods, faithful as a dog, and as responsive to kind words (even one word!) and looks. Some weeks after our arrival in Kirk Kilisse, and consequent parting from our cart and driver, we were walking outside the town, when suddenly, from among a long convoy of bullock-wagons, we saw a figure detach itself and stand waving its arms and crying out something in an unknown tongue. There was such a smile all over his face that for a moment I failed to recognize him, but only for a moment! Of course it was Turkey, hailing us, no doubt, as his father and his mother, and inquiring after the welfare of ourselves and all our friends and relations. We could not talk much, but we shook hands and all laughed together before we parted, and after this we used to look out for our Turk in all the long lines of transport wagons, but we never saw him again, so our last memory of him remains as an unexpected shout of welcome in what was still to us a land of strangers.

Our second "Turkey" was a wounded prisoner who walked into the hospital one day among a detachment of Bulgarian wounded. He was a grim youth, with a furtive look, and, mindful of the secreted knife in a Tchataldja hospital which brought death to the medical attendant of one Turkish prisoner, we asked our interpreters (two strong young men) to be good enough to undress the Turk, in case he overpowered the nurses. The alarming patient was put in a corner bed in a crowded room. Promptly the man in the next bed, who had a badly wounded leg, leapt up and sprang to the opposite corner of the room! Fortunately we found among the other patients a calm and reasonable person who was quite willing to occupy the bed next the Turkish Terror, and the ward settled down peace-

fully for the night. In a few days the furtive look and the grimness had vanished, and a droll boyish face looked at us from Turkey's corner. Poor lad, like the rest of the Turkish army, he had been warned that if any wounded prisoner were not killed at once by his Bulgarian captors he would assuredly be either stabbed or poisoned as soon as he arrived at a hospital! In the hospital at Yambol we had seen orderlies tasting the food in presence of the Turkish patients before giving it to them, and we now saw how real was the fear instilled into their minds. We heard of a wounded Turk in another hospital who begged his doctor not to keep him in suspense any longer but to "do it at once." "Do what?" asked the doctor. "Why, kill me, of course," said the poor fellow; "I know it has to come, and this waiting is far worse!"

Our Turk soon became one of the hospital pets; he was only nineteen, a merry young tinker of Constantinople, and his neighbor, who, as we afterwards learned, was a schoolmaster, befriended him so kindly and instructed him with such zeal that on leaving the hospital to go to Sofia Turkey was heard announcing that when he was set free from the prison hospital he was not going back to Constantinople—not he, Bulgaria was now his country and Ferdinand his King!

And the third Turk?

Into the cholera tents of the First Field Hospital at Usün Keupru one day was admitted an emaciated Turk from Adrianople. "What is your name?" the doctor asked, and a feeble voice replied, "Ali Mústafa, at least, a few weeks ago they baptized me and said I was Georgi, but still—Ali Mústafa."

Poor Ali Mústafa, starvation at Adrianople was an ill preparation for an attack of cholera! In a few days he left the hospital tent to join the

lone little company in the graves on the hillside, and surely St. Peter was kind to him, even if Christian Georgi

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insisted that he was "still—All Mústafa."

E. J. Ramsbotham, M.B., B.S.

(Mrs. S. X. Pantcheva).

PRIDE OF SERVICE

For a week life had been a bitter hell of frenzied toil, freezing cold, insufficient food snatched at long intervals, broken spells of sleep, and constant icy wetness.

For a week the weather had grown steadily worse, and for the last two days the big iron barque had been staggering before the gale, her decks never clear of water for more than a few seconds at a time, and her crew half dead, blinded, and dazed with sheer fatigue.

Twenty-three times had he rounded the Horn, the captain told the mate, but never had he come through worse weather. And the "Old Man's" remark passed down through the mates and the bo'sun to the crew, to be repeated amongst themselves with a pitiful pride.

But the glass was still falling—although it seemed an utter impossibility that wind or sea could be worse—and even the skipper, good sailor as he was, dared not risk running any longer. They had been pooped several times, and the last wave . . . It was a huge livid-green monster, its top curling over in foam and the crest tearing off in spray that flung ahead of it in ice-cold sheets and stung the faces staring back at it. As it towered high over the stern it broke the force of the wind for a moment, and the lull in the deep organ notes and fiendish whistling shrieks of the wind in the rigging left them in a curious stillness.

Noises that had never ceased, but had been unnoticed in the louder clamor, suddenly became startlingly clear—the groaning of the laboring

ship, the hiss of the spray falling on the decks, the clanging of ports, the crashing thuds of the bows plunging into the seas. The stern rose, sluggishly at first, then faster and faster till it seemed as if the whole ship must be turned bodily head over heels. Then, with a roar of boiling surf, the top curled over, hung suspended an instant, and fell, sweeping over the helmsmen lashed and clinging to the wheel, burying the ship as a half-tide rock is buried by a breaker, seething and swirling waist-high on the men who had leaped into the shrouds. Two of the boats simply vanished, and the port bulwarks went with them, shorn off clean and level with the decks.

The skipper clawed his way along the poop-rail to the mate and bellowed in his ear. The mate stooped his head till lips and ear met, and even then could only catch fragments of the sentences. "All hands . . . get the sail off her . . . must heave her to . . . another like that, and . . ." He tossed his hands with a gesture of finality.

The night came down while the weary crew were struggling with those demon sails, and the work went on in the darkness. The men on deck were constantly smothered in foaming rushes of water that lifted them off their feet and rolled them, clutching and scuffling, into the scuppers and against the rails. But as fast as the water poured off they were up and at it again, battered and bruised, aching and exhausted, clutching at the ropes and heaving at them in a passion of labor. At times they did their work as much

under water as above it. Hauling on the main lower-tops'l, they had to work amid ships, and here the water was never lower than their waists and often over their heads. A man had three ribs broken by being hurled against the stanchion. Another was flung down and his elbow jarred so cruelly the arm was crippled, and swung limp and helpless. But both men worked on. Another was washed overboard as they made a dash for the shrouds to get aloft and roll up the sail. The rail rolled under as they sprang, and dipped them, clinging like limpets, below the surface. The weight of the water was too great for some of the aching muscles and the man went. By a miracle he was swept along the side, and washed up against the shrouds of the foremast. He clutched them, managed to hold on, and dragged himself aboard again. He staggered aft and joined the others, and was heartily sworn at by the mate. He wore an apologetic air as if he had really done something that he deserved being sworn at for.

Up aloft it was, if anything, worse than on deck. It was pitch-black and the wind had an edge that cut like a knife. It was impossible to face it with open eyes, and to make it worse showers of hail kept driving up. While they lasted a man could only bend his head or twist his back to it. The hail-stones were as big as small marbles and drove with the force of a stone from a catapult.

The running rigging was cased in ice and had to be hammered with the back of an axe to break it free. Every sail was solid and stiff as if it had been carved from wood. The men beat at it with clenched fists; they tried to batter a dent in it to give a grip to their clawing fingers; they clutched and scratched with hooked fingers till the nails broke and blood oozed from the finger-tips. Sometimes a man

would manage to get a grip, but the sail would shake furiously and break free again. One hand was useless for such work, and the men, with both hands busy, balanced themselves on the swinging foot-rope, pitching and reeling, fighting like demons, sweating in spite of the vicious cold, carrying in every second the risk of being flung bodily from their lurching foothold down to the deck below, or over the side.

It took nearly three hours of heart-breaking struggle and repeated failures before they got the sail on to the yard and made fast. The skipper had been waiting with anxious glances astern at the following seas that raced down on them out of the darkness and threatened every instant to broach them to. The moment the sail was in, and before the men had time to come off the yard, the helm was put down and the ship's head began to crawl round into the wind. As she came round and the wind caught her abeam, she rolled over and hung horribly with the lower yard-arms dipping into the swirling water, and the men clinging on to a yard that stood almost straight up and down. They lost sight of the decks, and could only see a cauldron of broken white water with the masts disappearing into it. A fortunate lull allowed her to recover a little, although she still lay at a terrible angle with her lee rail dipped and the water seething up the decks to the hatches. But she was hove to, and must take her chance at that. Nothing more could be done; so the port watch was sent below for an hour.

One by one, as the back-wash of the seas gave them the opportunity, the men snatched open the entrance to the fo'c's'l and plunged down the ladder.

On the fo'c's'l floor a foot and a-half of water was surging to and fro, washing with it a jumble of

clothing, tins, platters, boots, caps, matches, sodden biscuit, swabs, and every other kind of litter.

Hanging on lines wet socks, shirts, mitts, and mufflers jerked and swayed to the lurching of the ship. They had been hung there in the vague but vain hope that they might dry. Every stitch and stick in the place was soaked and sopping, and water seemed to ooze and drip from everything. A slush lamp hung from the roof, the naked wick giving a dim and murky light and thickening the air with evil-smelling smoke.

The air stank—there is no other word for it. Remember, the cover had only been off the entrance, during the past week, for a few seconds at a time as the men dashed in and out.

The noise was appalling. The wood-work creaked and groaned, the seas hammered on the skin of the ship just outside and beat thunderously on the deck overhead, the tins and pannikins clattered and jangled across the floor, and even through the closed scuttle the roar of the wind boomed incessantly.

But with it all the place was a haven of rest to the numbed and dead-beat men. At least they were out of that screaming wind that one could barely face and breathe. They could wipe the blood from their faces where they had been cut by the stinging hailstones. They could breathe on their numbed and frozen fingers and try to beat back the blood into their stiff hands—some of them with sea-sores open to the bone—and best of all, they could lie down and cease effort for a time.

The lower bunks on the lee side were full of water which slopped at times, as the ship rolled, into the bunks above. The men, too tired to talk or even to smoke, clambered heavily and dully into the wet bunks on the windward side. They crawled in "all standing," just as they had stood, not even re-

moving their oilskins and sou'westers.

One young lad, with blue lips and chattering teeth, stopped to try to pull off his sea-boots. He could not move them on his swollen feet, and a grizzled old man, with a face the color of mahogany and a deep cut gaping red over his eye, ceased mopping at the wound with a dirty wet rag and growled at him, "Let be. Y' may have to turn out again any minute." The lad groaned and clambered to his bunk.

Another man was munching at a wet biscuit. "Wonder when we're goin' to get some hot grub again," he said. The old man laughed grimly. "Ask when we're goin' to get a drink o' water," he said. "I'd be satisfied wi' that; but the beakers is empty an' we can't risk pumpin' more from the tanks, case the salt water gets in an' spoils it."

A couple of men swore half-heartedly. "Tink a mans would be more wet enuff," said one. "Ev'ry bits of me vass wet troo an' troo, except mine t'roat."

"Same here," said the other, licking his lips. "I'm fair parched. An' my blooming side's that sore . . ." He was the man whose ribs had been broken, although he didn't know that till days after.

In little more than half an hour they were roused out by the mate, who had to come down and pull some of them half out of their bunks before they would wake.

"All hands," he kept roaring at them. "All hands. Shake a leg—tumble up—lively now. All hands, d'you hear?" The next minute he was gone and the men turned out and fumbled stupidly at sou'wester strings and wrist lashings on their oilskins.

"Suthin' carried away, most like," growled one man. The lad was standing hanging to his bunk and kicking his toes, one foot after the other, hard

against the wall. "One thing," he said, looking over his shoulder, "wotever it is, it can't be worse'n we've had."

The old man laughed shortly. "There's just one thing—" he began, when the cover was flung back and the mate's angry face peered down at them. "Come on, y' cripples," he yelled. "All hands, you loafin' curs. . . ." The cover clapped on and they heard the thunder of a sea over it. The opening appeared again suddenly. ". . . all hands. *Man the pumps.*"

"An' there ye have it," snarled the old man. "There's yer one thing worse. I thought she was gettin' sluggish." He cursed horribly. "Ye thought it was hard work afore," he said, lurching to the ladder foot. "Ye'll know better now. We're done wi' watch below from now to the nearest port—if ever we make a port. I know. Once afore I've had it . . . pump day an' night—pump when ye ought to be sleepin'—pump when ye ought to be restin'—Stop pumpin' to go aloft, an' hurry down to go back to pumpin'. Knee-deep or neck-deep in water, but keep on pumpin'. Wet an' froze an' wolf-hungry, but keep pumpin'. Pump, pump, till yer back's broke an' yer heart's breakin'."

"I wouldn't care," the man with the broken ribs muttered hoarsely, "if I wasn't so damn dry." He wiped his mouth with the back of a sore-eaten hand and ran his dry tongue over his lips.

It was a week later, and again the barque was hove to; but this time she was not alone in the ring of storm-torn sky and sea.

A quarter of a mile away, a mail-boat liner rolled and plunged and wallowed to the mountain seas. She was one of those monsters that in a harbor loom up in towering sides and tiering decks with all the massive grandeur and immovable bulk of a rock fortress.

Out here, for all her bulk, she was pitching and reeling like a cockle boat in a tide rip. She was no more than a toy and a plaything for the savage sport of the long rollers. She was lifted and flung down bodily, rolling rail and rail, staggering under the shock of the seas, quivering and shaking to their blows.

The week had made a difference to the barque. Now, there was none of the leaping and plunging, the tearing and frenzied action of a wild horse under the bit. She rose sullenly and stiffly to the lift of the seas; sank, dead and inert, to the hollows; hung there in long and dreadful pauses till it seemed the next sea must overwhelm her, and lifted her head again to each as if with a last dying effort. Every now and then her recovery was too slow, and a sea lipped smoothly in over the smashed bulwarks and swept foaming along the decks. Each time she staggered drunkenly, and slowly and painfully recovered buoyancy enough to lift her streaming decks above the water. To the men watching from the steamer she looked so pitifully weak and weary, and the seas so relentlessly cruel and strong. Watching a sailing ship at sea, one forgets she is a thing of wood and metal and canvas. She is alive and sentient, and one feels for her exactly as for any other live thing. To those on the steamer the barque took the look of a weary and wornout swimmer, battling grimly to hold a tired head above the whelming seas. Men groaned when a sea caught and swept her, and waited, heart in mouth, for her to shake herself free before the next wave rushed at her.

On the barque's deck the men clustered in a knot along the lever-arms of the pumps and slowly see-sawed them up and down. They wore the same look and had the same motion as their vessel's—slow, and dead and listless, bone-weary, dazed and almost beaten.

But an hour at a ship's pumps has been admitted killing hard work by a toil-hardened man, strong and fit and well fed; and these men had been on them a week, only stopping in shifts for bare time to take a snatch of sleep, without one full or satisfying meal, without having the wet clothes once off their numbed limbs and bodies.

One of the steamer's lifeboats trailed astern of the barque, the cork-jacketed crew fighting at the oars to ease the strain on the line or to check the swooping dives that threatened to smash them against the ship's side.

The doctor from the mailboat was below, trying to do his work despite the darkness and the noise, and the maddening jerkiness of the ship's motion. On deck the steamer's officer and the barque's mate were talking in clipped and shouted sentences, the wind blowing away fragments of their talk.

The officer had come aboard immediately after the doctor, and, as his feet touched the deck, he paused in consternation as he felt the sluggish, sickly heave under him. The men at the pumps grinned widely at one another as they noticed his instinctive check, the step back, and the movement of the hand to the rail.

"It's all right, sir," called the old man with an angry, half-healed cut over his eye. He straightened his back stiffly as the pump came up. "She'll last . . ." He and the others threw their weight back on the lever, the pump clanked dismally, and a gush of clear water swilled out. ". . . till you're off 'er, anyways."

The deck canted slowly and steeply, the officer went down it with a run, fetched up against the poop ladder, and ran up it nimbly.

The captain had already gone below with the doctor, so the two mates stayed and talked.

The mate of the barque told something of the week they had passed

through, and the other listened, nodding his head at intervals. Once he interrupted as an angry sea lashed aboard and swirled waist-deep round the men at the pumps, and the vessel stopped shuddering under the blow and the weight on her decks.

"By God," said the steamer man under his breath, and then shook his head and bawled: ". . . don't like the feel . . . in a bad way, isn't she?"

"Bad enough," shouted the other, "gainin' on the pumps too . . . all we can do. . . ."

"I'm to ask your Old Man . . . taking you off."

"Hey?" shouted the mate, cupping his hand about his ear.

"You ought to leave her . . . I must ask . . . can't wait, y' know . . . we're the mail."

"Don't fancy we're leavin' 'er," answered the mate; "wouldn't 'ave signalled you for a doctor. . . should just about make it . . ."

A cross-wave rose and hit the ship a blow that shook her through, and brought her up as if she had struck a rock head on. Another wave swooped and filled the deck rail high, and the ship lurched, and rose again, slow inch by inch.

"She's half-drowned," bellowed the officer, ". . . waterlogged hulk."

The mate caught the last word or two. "Hulk be damn," he shouted back. He leaned close so that the other should not miss what he said. "We had this same hulk loggin' her nine an' a-half knots four days ago." He stood back to look triumphantly at the steamer man, then caught at him and shouted in his ear again, "I've knowed full-powered steamboats that couldn't do that much."

The officer shrugged his shoulders helplessly, "Must see your Old Man, anyway," he called. "I'll go below . . . can't talk in this wind. . . ."

Down below he talked with the cap-

tain, with a reek of hospital smells in their nostrils, and the noises of the sea and wind in their ears; while the doctor listened curiously and—having by now done the little he could for the unconscious man with the broken head he had been called to—patched and bandaged various members of the crew.

But the officer's talk ended, as the mate had said it would, in the lifeboat casting off and dropping down to the steamer that circled round to pick it up, with none of the barque's crew on board.

"Give your captain my compliments," the barque's captain said to the steamer mate, "and tell him I should make port inside three or four days, and she should swim for that. I couldn't leave 'er while there's a chance—but he'll understand."

And when the message was delivered to the mailboat captain on his own bridge, he nodded his head slowly. "Yes," he said simply, "I understand."

He talked down little tubes a moment, and, in obedience to his quiet words, the sea giant turned and threshed her way up into the wind again and swung her ponderous bulk to shelter the barque dangerously fighting to get under way again; and oozed good oil along her length to drift down and give the fighter the extra chance of a smooth.

In the bridge-deck shelter the doctor made his report and talked wonderingly, and with little understanding, of what he had seen; and the captain listened in silence, and with full understanding, while his eyes watched the barque edging cautiously round and heeling to the weight of the wind.

"Why do they do it?" the doctor finished. "No one could have blamed her captain for leaving her. Your officer's evidence could clear him with any court or owners."

"It mightn't clear him with his own conscience," said the captain.

"But he is putting his life and his men's after his ship," persisted the doctor. "She may sink under him any minute."

"And she may make her port," said the captain.

"That's what he said," replied the doctor. "But I confess I don't understand it. It seems foolish to me."

The captain laughed a little.

"Tell me," he said, "what made you go off to her when she signalled for a doctor?"

"Why," said the doctor in some surprise, "you told me they'd know we carried the mail, and they wouldn't stop us unless it was life and death."

"But you could have declined to go," persisted the captain. "I told you of the risks you ran. An open boat in that sea, and getting on and off the barque—"

The doctor spoke a little stiffly. "I hope I should not allow fears for my personal safety to interfere with my duty."

The captain pointed silently out to the barque, and then said softly, "Exactly."

"I see," said the doctor after a pause—"I see. It was his duty to bring his ship to port if he could do it, and his duty must carry its risks. But the men? It was in their hands, really. He asked if they would stand by, and he must have left if they said 'No.' They sent two men aft to answer him. One was an old man with a horribly inflamed cut. He said something about never having deserted his captain yet, and not going to begin now. The other only said they would all stick by what Old Rory said. The old man was Rory evidently. You never saw such a lot of starved, miserable, worn-out wretches in your life, and the life they're living there must be . . . well, I can't tell you."

"There's no need," said the captain. "I've been in sail in my time. But it's an old rule in sail or steam—a good captain sticks to his ship, and a crew sticks to a good captain."

"A good rule, I grant," said the doctor, "but it's asking a lot to expect those poor wretches to keep it. I offered to bring one injured man away. Three ribs broken—*broken*; and he'd been working with them broken. He admitted he couldn't do much on the pumps, but he could keep a look-out. He'd look pretty, he said, loafing in the dry fo'c's'l of a steamboat while his shipmates stuck it out. Nice tale to tell 'em when he got ashore. And he sniffed at me till I felt ashamed for asking him. Why do these men 'stick it out'? They haven't the captain's and my incentive of duty."

The doctor stopped and blew his nose violently.

"I don't understand it," he said impatiently.

"Yes, you do," said the captain quietly, still with his eyes on the barque. She was almost round now and was gathering way, still under the partial shelter of the steamer.

"You told me that unconscious man had barely a chance left," the captain went on. "But you stopped and worked a full hour over him. Why?"

"Oh, well," said the doctor, "I can

hardly explain. He had a chance, you see. But that's hardly a parallel case. I was doing my work, but not at the risk of my life."

"Would you have left it if there had been risk?" asked the captain.

"Well, no, perhaps not," admitted the doctor. "He was in my hands . . . it's a sort of professional pride, I suppose . . . I can't explain," he repeated.

"So I can't explain," said the captain, "and those men could explain still less. But professional pride is as good a word as any. We'll let it go at that."

He called an officer and spoke a few curt sentences to him, there was a jingle of wires and clanging of bells far below them, and the steamer threshed her screws astern, checked, and began to swing slowly. The full force of the wind caught the barque; they saw her heel, leap with new life, and go plunging heavily off with swathes of foam flinging wide from her bows. They saw a figure leap into the weather rigging and wave to them, and the steamer's syren roared a deep, full-throated answer.

"Dip!" the captain shouted to his officer. "Dip your flag"; and as the flag fluttered down to the salute and up again, "Them and their professional pride!" he said.

Boyd Cable.

COUNTRY LIFE TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Civilized existence two thousand years ago has its counterpart and image in the life we see around us: the variations are few and superficial if, even, we compare Rome in the first with London in the twentieth century. But it is when we turn to the country that we notice how little has really altered: those rural pursuits in a Sabine valley which Horace so vividly described are

curiously familiar to the native of Kent or Sussex. Shades of difference, of course, appear; for instance, ours is not a wine-producing country: the hop-fields are our vineyards, and a glass of home-brewed ale is our substitute for the cups of old Massic or good Falernian with which the farmer-poet used to regale his fashionable friends from Rome; yet no radical change is

perceptible and, moreover, there was the same mental attitude towards Nature on the part of cultured Roman citizens (*amatores rurs*) as we find existing to-day among disciples of Gilbert White and Richard Jeffries. For evidence of this we have only to turn to the writings of the poet laureate of Augustus.

Whether Soracte's peak was white with snow, or the leaves shivered at the coming of spring, whether the influence of the dog-star parched his fields, or September brought along with mellow fruits the peculiar bodily ailments to which he was a victim, Horace coined fine phrases in the season's praise. His first Ode tells of the happy condition of the farmer's boy who wields a light hoe among the young corn, and of the sportsman who even on the coldest morning of the year would quit the side of his soft bride to hunt the stag with his beagles. In his last Epistle he likens a certain poetaster to a fowler who was so intent on snaring blackbirds that he blundered into a pit. When he invokes the goddess of Fortune, the poet, mindful of his slave-born sire, begins by reminding the deity with what anxious prayers the poor cultivator of the soil is wont to solicit her; and in chiding Ambition—a favorite theme—he harps on the circumstance that innocent Sleep, wooed in vain by the uneasy great, never denies herself to the heedless cottager nor to those content with a couch by some shady stream in a valley fanned by the western breeze.

But Horace has devoted one poem especially to the eulogy of country life, and in a few imperishable verses he delineates the surroundings of one who is satisfied to tend his farm and garden. Happy is that man, says our Venusian, who is neither a lender nor a borrower, but ploughs his ancestral acres with his own oxen; who is neither a conscript in dread of a

sudden call to arms, nor a merchant trusting life and fortune to an angry sea; who is neither lawyer nor litigant, nor has need of any favors from the insolent rich. Free from all such cares a man may devote himself to wedding his lusty vines to tall poplars, or watching his herds at pasture. He might fill up a vacant hour by pruning his fruit trees, lopping off effete branches with a keen blade and inserting more promising shoots. Then in a shapely two-handled jar he preserves the pressed honey, and anon he clips his fleecy sheep. When autumn uplifts her head adorned with ripe fruits, how delightful to pluck the pear which he himself had grafted and gather the purpling grapes! These he will offer to Priapus, the garden god, and to that other deity who is guardian of his boundaries. These sacred duties done, he is at leisure to recline under an ancient flex, or upon the matted grass where a brook flows atween steep banks as the birds sing sweet and low in the woods; and there a tinkling fountain hushes him to light slumbers.

The scene is changed when winter comes and thundering Jove prepares the rains and snows. Now, with many a hound hither and thither he drives the fierce boar, or by means of a thin net upheld with a small stake he snares the greedy thrush. The timid hare he catches in a gin and sometimes captures a foreign crane, the rarest prize of all. Who does not forget, says the poet, amidst field sports the ills of life and even the fever of love?

But, perchance, there is a modest wife who shares these rural joys, keeping house and tending her sweet children. She it is who heaps up the hearth with crackling logs against the home-coming of her lord, having penned the glad cattle within woven hurdles and dried their distended udders at milking time. Presently new wine from a seasoned cask is brought

forth, and then an unbought feast is spread. Neither shell-fish nor turbot, grouse nor guinea fowl, grace the board; more appetizing to the farmer-sportsman are his own olives plucked from the ripest branches, and the sorrel which loves the meadows, and mallows meet for sick bodies, to eke out a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus or maybe a kid just snatched from the jaws of a wolf. Between the courses his glance will wander a-field where he may catch sight of his well-fed flocks hastening home, and of his tired oxen whose flaccid necks draw the inverted ploughshare. Later a swarm of laborers, the appanage of a thriving estate, come and take their places in patriarchal fashion round the shining household gods.

Thus the well-to-do husbandman fared just before the Christian era began, when the dark hills of Arcadia saw shepherds reclined on the young grass piping to the great god Pan, when Roman landlords vied with each other in the planting of avenues, and when poets like Horace and Virgil, sauntering in a cool grove, would in fancy surprise a nimble choir of nymphs dancing with the satyrs. Even those "in populous city pent" were not so remote from field and forest that they could not sally forth of a morning to hunt and fish and return before sundown; for the story is told of one Gargilius, who summoned his slaves to carry nets and hunting spears and took out pack-mules to bear home the spoils of the chase and astonish his neighbors. Alas, it happened to him as often it happens to modern sportsmen. One mule proved more than sufficient for his kill: a single boar—and that acquired by purchase—was all he had to show for his pains.

Horace detested the town as a place where, he said, he could not move without being worried by acquaintances; one wants him to stand surety, another

wishes him to appraise some little literary effort; if one friend lived in the city, another would be found in the suburbs; both must be called on, but how difficult to thread one's way about while here a buldier is scurrying along with mules and porters, and there a derrick is lifting up beams or hoisting blocks of stone overhead: elsewhere you find funeral processions getting mixed up with laden wagons, and in trying to escape a mad dog you run into a filthy sow. So Horace fled to his little farm among the Sabine people, thirty miles from the capital, and there he is accosted by his bailiff, who complains of the dullness of the country. His master reminds him that formerly he was a household drudge, who solicited the stewardship of the demesne he now disparages, hankering after his old haunts, the circus and the public baths, the tavern and the greasy cookshop: "we do not admire the same things," says Horace, and *more suo* proceeds to moralize on "the slow ox that sighs for horse-trappings while the coach-horse desires to plough."

The poet has left us a picture of his home in a valley that cleft a range of hills, warmed on one side by the rising sun and on the other by his departing chariot, where an equable climate preserved his health even through sickly September. His brambles bore ruddy cornels and prunes; the trees of oak and holm afforded a repast for the cattle and shade for their master; a spring gave pure, cold water that was good for fevered brain and distempered body; and though neighbors might laugh at the obese little poet tidily removing clods and stones, or despise his frugal supper and his pallet among the herbs by running water, he did not care a jot. Hail might crush his vines and corn, the sirocco blight his olives or parch his apple orchards; his herds might sicken in distant pastures: but nothing was

allowed to disturb that equanimity which he practised as well as he preached.

Hither he invites his friend, Maecenas. "Come," says he, "there is an untapped cask of light wine ready for you, and abundance of roses and oil of balanus wherewith to dress your hair. Don't delay, but quit awhile the Tibur's banks and your palace on the Esquiline Hill, where surrounded by every luxury you look down on the opulence, the noise, and the smoke of Imperial Rome. Even to the rich" he continues "a change is agreeable, and a cheap supper under a humble roof, though tapestry curtains and purple cloth are lacking, may soothe even a Prime Minister when June is over and the dog-days are at hand; when the sun spells drought, and tired shepherds with their languid flocks seek shade and a pool in the recesses of the forest"—and so Rome's statesman came.

Virgil, too, is persuaded to pay Horace a visit; but it is now spring and the cattle no longer rejoice in their stalls, the ploughman deserts his fire-side, the mournful nightingale is building her nest and "the seasons have brought on a thirst, O Virgilius." So he playfully proposes an exchange of merchandise. Virgil is to bring from Rome a little box of fine ointment, while he as host will provide a cask of wine pressed at Cales and fit for an archbishop. Thus fortified he hopes to mix good counsel with a spice of nonsense. *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

In season and out of season Horace inveighs against town manners and extols the out-of-door life. Let the robust youth, he says, inure himself to privation by a life in the open, there learning to meet sudden dangers and so fitting himself for war that with horse and lance he may be able to harass the fierce Parthian: *Teneræ nimis mentes asperioribus formandæ studiis.* The boy

who delights in dogs and horses, and hies to the playing fields as soon as released from his tutor, is reminded that to exhibit himself before becoming expert in the use of weapons is to court ridicule from "the gallery," that he who would breast the tape in a foot-race must sweat and chill by turns, and meanwhile abstain from wine and the lighter sports of Venus. The case of Sybaris is cited as a warning. Here was one whose arms had once been livid with bruises got in manly exercises, who was a bold swimmer, a champion quoit-player, and one who could throw his javelin far beyond the mark. But alas, he had fallen in love, and now avoided the dust and heat of the arena, hated like viper's blood the oil with which wrestlers anointed themselves, and no longer exulted to ride with his cavalry comrades, curbing Gallic horses with jagged bits; in short, his career had been ruined by a certain Lydia. On the other hand, we see the handsome Hebrus, who daily laved his glistening shoulders in Tibur's yellow waves; who was a second Bellerophon as regards horses; unconquered as a boxer; a champion runner; and so skilled with the spear that he could single out a stag from the flying herd and strike it dead—in short, a pattern young Roman.

Horace, filled with enthusiasm for the open-air life, fancied he could descry a certain tendency of effeminacy in his day and generation: a few young scions of nobility, it seems, were afraid of the chase and could not sit a horse, but amused themselves with a Greek hoop—perhaps the equivalent of golf in our own day. He refers to such *fainéants* with contempt, comparing them with their forebears sprung from a virile race of rustic soldiery who had turned the soil and even carried fagots at the bidding of militant matrons. Luxury, he fears, is invading even the countryside for, when the charms of

rural life are sung straightway arrives the plutocrat with his retinue, and the indignant poet prophesies that "regal piles will soon leave few acres for the plough." He pictures the once productive olive-garden being turned into beds of roses and violets, surrounding a brand-new villa with ornamental grove and fishpond, and the peasant farmer being expelled with his family and household gods.

Probably the forecast was wrong, for
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poets have their fits of pessimism: the charming author of *The Deserted Village* had similar forebodings in regard to "sweet Auburn," but there is yet no lack of holdings for all and sundry within our pleasant isles; and certain it is that the decline of the Roman Empire was not due to a "back to the land" movement on the part of the citizens, but rather to indulgence in those habits to which country life is the true corrective.

G. W. Redway.

THE UNITED FRONT.

The shadow of a terrible calamity has suddenly obscured all lesser issues. Even the pressing difficulty of the Irish question, full of danger as it is, has become small and even remote in face of the European war in which Great Britain is involved. The problems with which our politicians were contending only yesterday have been postponed—and there is a hope that the menace from without may lead to the settlement by consent at home which had otherwise been tried and found impossible.

England has proved worthy of herself. Our quarrels have vanished as by magic; three days after party strife was at its height a party truce has been declared, and men who were bitter opponents on every question have become allies on the one question that matters—the safeguarding of our honor and our position as a nation and an Empire. The Prime Minister assumed, as a matter of course, that the Opposition would support him in this vital emergency, and he would be the first to acknowledge that his confidence was not misplaced. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law spoke for us all when they emphasized the need of showing a united front to the world that should allow the Government to speak and

act with the authority of an undivided nation.

Dissension will come, if it does come, from Mr. Asquith's own followers. Some of the less instructed Radicals are murmuring that a Continental crisis is none of our business, that the Parliament Act must be fulfilled though all Europe is destroyed, and that the Amending Bill means more to them than the mobilization of Germany. These people would pass the Plural Voting Bill on the very Day of Judgment, and squabble over a county option for Ireland while Britain was invaded. They have proved by their comments on the party truce proclaimed by their own leader that they know nothing, but we have yet to see if bitter experience will prove them unteachable. When we have survived Armageddon we may all approach the destinies of Tyrone in a different spirit. But for the time being it is on Europe and not on an isolated Irish county that our view is fixed.

Unhappily, the comments of these private Radical members who conceive it their highest duty to criticize their leaders in an unparalleled emergency have found an echo in the Press. This is the moment which one Radical journal considers appropriate to attack

our diplomacy, and another to proclaim that the interests of a local suburb are more important than the honorable obligation of standing by our associates in the Triple Entente. The doctrine of the balance of power is to go, alliances are to be disregarded, honor sacrificed—in order that one suburb may flourish.

That is not a creed to put before patriotic men—and we prefer to believe that the bulk of the Liberal party, like the bulk of the nation, consists of patriotic men. A party triumph is one thing; a national danger is another. If we evade our obligations in this crisis we as a nation lose our soul, and we would remind those Radicals who cannot yet put off their party cloak for the mantle of national patriotism that we Unionists as a party have sacrificed as much as they without complaint. A week ago they looked forward to the fulfilment of the Parliament Act, and we to an early triumph at the General Election which was known to be near. We have, without a murmur, and indeed with eagerness, put aside all thought of an electoral victory; can they not learn at this supreme moment to postpone for a space their Parliamentary victory? Let the fate of Poland, which perished as a nation because party was more to it than patriotism, be their warning.

Ten years ago one might have discussed the policy of alliances, and have disputed over the wisdom of maintaining the balance of power. Ten years hence one may do the same. But at this moment alliances and the balance of power are not an issue, not even an academic question. We have chosen our path, and as honorable men we must go forward along that path. It may be that the path of duty may also be the path of safety, perhaps even of glory and success, but at least it is the path of duty that lies before us. If there is dirty weather ahead we must

face it as best we can; we have not been wont to fail in resolution in the past, and the spirit of our people is not less proud than a century ago. If we faced Europe with a bold front then, we can do so now.

Let us, then, hear no more of this miserable puling. As well might the man who is caught in a storm complain that it was none of his seeking: the fact remains that he is caught in a storm, and has to go through with it. There will be time enough for party when the thing is over; when Europe has passed through the baptism of blood that now seems inevitable we can return with what zest we may to discuss the righteousness of abolishing the plural voter and redistributing seats in the House of Commons. For the time being we must dismiss that topic and turn to the business in hand.

We have had our quarrels with the Government, and their domestic policy is still obnoxious to us. But in the control of foreign affairs we must pay them due tribute. We believe that Mr. Asquith—whom we congratulated several weeks ago on his courage in taking upon himself the responsibility of the Secretaryship of State for War, a responsibility which he did not then realize would prove so heavy—will show himself a strong and patriotic head of a resolute Government. Sir Edward Grey has done his utmost to preserve the peace of Europe; he can do no more, and no good Englishman will regret that he has combined firmness at the Foreign Office with the desire for a settlement by conference. In Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty the nation has an admitted genius for organization, who has brought the Navy to a high pitch of perfection, and whose stand for adequate armaments is now seen by friend and foe to have been a piece of practical wisdom, justified by the event. Had we scamped our preparations, as some of the critics of the

Admiralty desired, there would now have been no option before Britain but to have repudiated her friends and stood aside in inglorious isolation—until she had herself been attacked by the victor in the future.

The quarrel is none of our seeking. We have stood for peace as our best interest, and we would still have peace, if it could be peace with honor, at this last hour. But when others take advantage of our party divisions to snatch an opportunity to over-ride Europe and bully the world, then it is our business to close the ranks and take

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our part in the work ahead. We have no fear that in this desperate danger the people will not be true to themselves and their past, and in saying this we believe we may include those Nationalists with whom we have been contending as to the political organization of this kingdom. They, too, will play their part in the troubles that lie before us, and if they share—as we are convinced they will—in the united front which we shall show our enemies; then the question of Irish self-government, which has disturbed us for thirty years past, will have settled itself.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

There are warm days in London when even a window-box falls to charm, and one longs for the more open spaces of the country. Besides, one wants to see how the other flowers are getting on. It is on these days that we travel to our Castle of Stopes; as the crow flies, fifteen miles away. Indeed, that is the way we get to it, for it is a castle in the air. And when we are come to it Celia is always in a pink sun-bonnet gathering roses lovingly, and I, not very far off, am speaking strongly to somebody or other about something I want done. By-and-by I shall go into the library and work . . . with an occasional glance through the open window at Celia.

To think that a month ago we were quite happy with a few pink geraniums!

Sunday, a month ago, was hot. "Let's take train somewhere," said Celia, "and have lunch under a hedge."

"I know a lovely place for hedges," I said.

"I know a lovely tin of potted grouse," said Celia, and she went off to cut some sandwiches. By twelve o'clock we were getting out of the train.

The first thing we came to was a golf course, and Celia had to drag me past it. Then we came to a wood, and I had to drag her through it. Another mile along a lane, and then we both stopped together.

"Oh!" we said.

It was a cottage, the cottage of a dream. And by a cottage I mean, not four plain rooms and a kitchen, but one surprising room opening into another; rooms all on different levels and of different shapes, with delightful places to bump your head on; open fireplaces; a large square hall, oak-beamed, where your guests can hang about after breakfast, while deciding whether to play golf or sit in the garden. Yet all so cunningly disposed that from outside it looks only a cottage or, at most, two cottages persuaded into one.

And, of course, we only saw it from outside. The little drive, determined to get there as soon as possible, pushed its way straight through an old barn, and arrived at the door simultaneously with the flagged lavender walk for the humble who came on foot. The rhododendrons were ablaze beneath the south

windows; a little orchard was running wild on the west; there was a hint at the back of a clean-cut lawn. Also, you remember, there was a golf course, less than two miles away.

"Oh," said Celia with a deep sigh, "but we must live here."

An Irish terrier ran out to inspect us. I bent down and patted it. "With a dog," I added.

"Isn't it all lovely? I wonder who it belongs to, and if——"

"If he'd like to give it to us."

"Perhaps he would if he saw us and admired us very much," said Celia hopefully.

"I don't think Mr. Barlow is that sort of man," I said. "An excellent fellow, but not one to take these sudden fancies."

"Mr. Barlow? How do you know his name?"

"I have these surprising intuitions," I said modestly. "The way the chimneys stand up——"

"I know," cried Celia. "The dog's collar."

"Right, Watson. And the name of the house is Stopes."

She repeated it to herself with a frown.

"What a disappointing name," she said. "Just Stopes."

"Stopes," I said. "Stopes, Stopes. If you keep on saying it a certain old-world charm seems to gather round it. Stopes."

"Stopes," said Celia. "It is rather jolly."

We said it ten more times each, and it seemed the only possible name for it. Stopes—of course.

"Well?" I asked.

"We must write to Mr. Barlow," said Celia decisively. "Dear Mr. Barlow, er—Dear Mr. Barlow,—we——' Yes, it will be rather difficult. What do we want to say exactly?"

"Dear Mr. Barlow,—May we have your house?"

"Yes," smiled Celia, "but I'm afraid we can hardly ask for it. But we might rent it when—when he doesn't want it any more."

"Dear Mr. Barlow," I amended, "have you any idea when you're going to die? No, that wouldn't do either. And there's another thing—we don't know his initials, or even if he's a 'Mr.' Perhaps he's a knight or a— a duke. Think how offended Duke Barlow would be if we put '—— Barlow, Esq.' on the envelope."

"We could telegraph. 'Barlow. After you with Stopes.'"

"Perhaps there's a young Barlow, a Barlowette or two with expectations. It may have been in the family for years."

"Then we—— Oh, let's have lunch." She sat down and began to undo the sandwiches. "Dear o' Stopes," she said with her mouth full.

We lunched outside Stopes. Surely if Earl Barlow had seen us he would have asked us in. But no doubt his dining-room looked the other way; towards the east and north, as I pointed out to Celia, thus being pleasantly cool at lunch-time.

"Ha, Barlow," I said dramatically, "a time will come when *we* shall be lunching in there, and *you*—bah!" And I tossed a potted-grouse sandwich to his dog.

However, that didn't get us any nearer.

"Will you *promise*," said Celia, "that we shall have lunch in there one day?"

"I promise," I said readily. That gave me about sixty years to do something in.

"I'm like—who was it who saw something of another man's and wouldn't be happy till he got it?"

"The baby in the soap advertisement."

"No, no, some king in history."

"I believe you are thinking of Ahab,

but you aren't a bit like him, really. Besides, we're not coveting Stopes. All we want to know is, does Barlow ever let it in the summer?"

"That's it," said Celia eagerly.

"And, if so," I went on, "will he lend us the money to pay the rent with?"

"Er—yes," said Celia. "That's it."

* * * * *

So for a month we have lived in our Castle of Stopes. I see Celia there in her pink sun-bonnet, gathering the flowers lovingly, bringing an armful of them into the hall, disturbing me sometimes in the library with "*Aren't they beauties?*" No, I only just looked in—

Punch.

good luck to you." And she sees me ordering a man about importantly, or waving my hand to her as I ride through the old barn on my road to the golf-course.

But this morning she had an idea.

"Suppose," she said timidly, "you wrote about Stopes, and Mr. Barlow happened to see it, and knew how much we wanted it, and——"

"Well?"

"Then," said Celia firmly, "if he were a gentleman he would give it to us."

Very well. Now we shall see if Mr. Barlow is a gentleman.

A. A. M.

THE END OF THE BALANCE OF POWER.

To the surprised onlooker it may seem that the rushing hours of one terrible week have brought with them the incredible disaster of a universal war. The Latin proverb said that no man becomes suddenly base. It is equally true that a Continent does not become suddenly insane. What has happened now is the fatal consequence of the pursuit of the Balance of Power. The ideas which for a decade governed the division of the Powers into two armed camps are the ideas which have to-day set their armies in motion. The history of the recent crisis is related with unusual intimacy and fulness in the British White Paper. It cannot, of course, reveal everything. Diplomats do not know each other's minds or intentions. But there is much in these documents to throw light on the Servian crisis which began the broil, and on the Belgian danger which for us brought it to its climax. The issue in this is not, and never was, a Servian or a Belgian question. It was, broadly, whether in time of danger there shall be a European Concert, and whether neutrals may intervene to prevent a

conflagration. Two principles really stood at issue from the first. Austria was determined to chastise Servia, and to carry out that operation at the cost of any degree and any extent of suffering to the European family. In that determination Germany backed her. We do not know whether Germany contemplated a general war from the first. What is fairly clear is that she held the principle of isolated and self-determined action by her ally so dear, that to vindicate it she was prepared to risk a universal war. On the other side stood Sir Edward Grey with his proposal of a joint mediation by the four relatively disinterested Powers. To this Germany was opposed from the start. She would have nothing to do with an "Areopagus." She held that Austria had the right to deal with a treacherous and inconsiderate little neighbor as she pleased and without considering the susceptibilities of other Powers or the risk to the general peace. Her positive contribution to the whole discussion was the fatal suggestion that Austria and Russia had better discuss their differences between

themselves. That discussion took place; and it only resulted in bringing back the debate to the real issue of principle. Russia proposed a formula to the effect that she would hold her hand and stay her preparations, if Austria, on her side, would agree that since the question had become one of general European interest, the neutral Powers should devise means of satisfying Austria's just claims upon Serbia. To that proposal Germany replied with war. She has made this conflict in sum and substance to resist the principle of a European Concert.

That is the issue of principle. Beneath it lies the psychological factor. It is fairly clear that the general motive of Austrian stubbornness was the sense that she had come badly out of the Balkan crisis. She meant to assert her hegemony in the Near East, and perhaps it is not too much to say, as the Russians said, that she hoped to make Serbia her vassal. There is some reason to suppose that she contemplated a general unsettlement, and, as this White Paper hints, that she would have acted at Salonica as well as at Belgrade. There is some evidence that Germany knew of her designs; there is none at all that Germany took any real action to moderate them. Does this necessarily mean that Germany planned a general war? We think not. She was influenced by the memory of her success during the Bosnian crisis of 1909. She had then succeeded by a blunt threat, when she stood "in shining armor" beside her ally, in reducing Russia to an abject surrender. She discovered on that occasion that the Triple Entente was not the most solid of bonds. It is probable that she hoped once more to repeat this exploit. She supposed that Russia would yield a second time to a threat. She believed when the crisis opened that this country would remain neutral. She even affected some little doubt about

the French attitude. The result was that she behaved with a rash incompetence which was more than accidental. The Bismarckian school cultivated no fine psychology. It believed in threats and bribes, and it believed in nothing else. A finer knowledge of men would have told the Germans that a public exploit of bullying is the one thing that cannot be repeated twice in a generation. On this showing, Russia would have ceased to be a Great Power, and the Triple Entente would have fallen in pieces if Germany for a second time had had her way by these methods. Given the blindness on one side and the soreness on the other, the event was fatally predestined. Germany has had to learn by the sequel, that the Triple Entente was in fact a more solid bond than the Triple Alliance. Britain, bound perhaps by a debt of honor contracted secretly and by elusive steps, has stood by allies to whom in form she denied the name. Italy has remained neutral, on the ground that the offensive attitude of Germany dissolved her treaty obligations to the Triple Alliance.

The moral of the catastrophe is clear as daylight, and it will be clearer still when it has been written in blood across a Continent. The system of the two armed camps has issued in its natural consequence. The folly of maintaining peace by preparing for war is once more demonstrated, if a further chapter of human history were needed to make it clear. The theory that alliances secure peace has gone with all the rest of the baggage of delusion. Alliances are not at all times equally strong or equally secure, and that is the fundamental reason why a balance can never be secured. It is clear from these papers that Sir Edward Grey, for all his untiring efforts to mediate, regarded himself throughout as a member of the Triple Entente, and intended to stand by his friends if

the issue became European. He strove, indeed, to form a Concert. But between the theory of the Balance and the theory of the Concert there is an absolute contradiction. Respected by the Germans, transparently sincere, manifestly friendly, his voice when it spoke for peace was still a voice that came from one of the armed camps. In the last fatal hours of the crisis he seems to have perceived that at the root of all the difficulty there lay neither the Servian nor the Belgian issue. We find him on July 30th making to Germany a remarkable offer. He had hesitated to make it before, and felt that it might be regarded as "Utopian." It was the promotion of "some arrangement" to which Germany should be a party, "by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately." We are not quite sure what this means in detail, but its spirit is clear. It is an offer of permanent peace between the two groups. It meant, in a word, the constitution of a Concert, and the fusing in it of the group system.

That proposal came too late. One cannot transform the European system while every Power is watching in alarm the mobilization of its neighbors. The heavy balance of criminality in this last crisis only too clearly lies with Germany. But she in her turn had gone through the sensation of being "penned in," and her fears of the Russian mobilization may possibly have been a reflection of the complacency with which French and Russian experts had discussed the recent Russian military reform. The whole world had been told that Russia was henceforth in a position to take the offensive. Germany, indeed, has brought down upon Europe all the latent terrors of the system of the armed peace

and the balance of power. But for the system itself, every Power is responsible. If this war is to bring in the end anything better than a curse of ruin and hatred to Europe it must be so conducted and so terminated that it shall result in the formation of a Concert. Victory—complete and unquestioned—there must be for our arms, but the conflict need not be prolonged by one superfluous hour. A German hegemony in Europe, if ever that had been possible, would obviously have been a crying evil. A Russian hegemony would be a still greater mischief. Temptation there may come, as Russia's slowly gathered forces are available, to prolong the war for a general remodelling of the map of Europe. We may see repeated by Russia the egotism by which Bulgaria prolonged the Balkan War, after its real object was attained. We are thinking to-day of the imminent, and to us most repugnant, danger to Belgium and France. We believe that that will pass. There may come a moment when the issue will be the crushing of Germany and the partition of Austria. Our weight has been thrown into one scale. It is being at this moment used for purposes of defence. Our statesmen would, we believe, pause if victory should bring with it the opportunity of passing from defence to conquest and sweeping partition. With the German people we have still, in spite of war, no individual quarrel. Our duty to civilization is so to act that they may resume their place among the family of nations. The politics of the Balance are bankrupt. This war began with a failure to improvise a Concert. It must end with realization of Sir Edward Grey's nascent idea of the permanent creation of a European system, freed from the menace of group rivalries, and solid only to repress the egotisms and compose the feuds of its equal numbers.

PUBLIC DISTRACTION AND CONCENTRATION.

There is an impression—we think a justifiable one—among those who take careful note of public tendencies, that the popular excitements of to-day correspond less and less precisely to the events that provoke them. The present menace of the “Armageddon” which Europe has dreaded for many years has seemed to be met, not indeed with apathy, but with something that is like apathy when it is compared with the tumultuous alarm that had been predicted. And, again, week after week Ireland trembles on the brink of a disaster such as has not been known since the Stuarts, yet the evening newspapers which set forth the bills most likely to capture the curiosity of the passer-by still find it worth while to mention the latest boxing match or the Goodwood races. They “know their business best,” and probably they are right as to the preoccupations of people’s minds. It may be said that it was always thus, and we are neither romantic nor simple enough to suppose that the gravest affairs of the world ever precluded the desire to see or hear about the latest thing in bear-baiting or cock-fighting or whatever the craze of the moment happened to be. It has been remarked that what holds a man’s mind in the height of a national crisis is still the plaguy problem of choosing his next pair of trousers. If that be not true, it is at least true that no man can give his mind to other matters if he has not enough money to buy trousers, and much less if he has not enough money for food. It is too easy, moreover, to form an estimate of public feeling from one’s own surroundings. You do not happen to hear this or that subject mentioned in the train in which you travel, or at some dinner-party “representative of English life,” and you decide on the evidence within

twenty-four hours that the country has grown apathetic. Another observer may have aroused the anger of an excitable stranger by a passing remark on public affairs, and have jumped to the conclusion that Englishmen have become hysterical. Let us make every allowance for the mistakes due to insufficient data. We still think that public opinion is less easily aroused than formerly.

There are obvious reasons why this should be so. Universal elementary education has made every person in the land who has learned to read susceptible to excitement through the printed word. The circulation of a newspaper that is out for popularity depends upon the excitement being maintained day by day. The newspaper may have excellent information and disseminate sound opinions which no one need be ashamed to accept ready made. But it must also adopt the device—comparatively harmless, we think—of pretending that something terrific has happened when, as a matter of fact, the preceding twenty-four hours have been almost devoid of incident. The effect is like that of listening to a man whose every epithet is a superlative. His conversation is vivid, picturesque and perhaps for a long time stimulating, but while we listen we gradually lose our standards of comparison. We know that every breeze will be a tempest and every tremor of the earth a quake, so that we are no longer appalled when the time comes for either the genuine tempest or the genuine earthquake. Again, newspaper readers of to-day are like persons seated comfortably in the stalls of a theatre, who watch a poignant tragedy for three hours and still are able to reserve their deepest feelings for the mismanagement of the streets when they find it is impossible

to get a taxi. News is served so hot and fresh upon the breakfast table that the sense of being in contact with events in the most distant parts of the world is very real. The bombardment of which we read is still going on while the leading article that discusses its probable effect is awaiting our consideration. A hundred years ago this vivid sense of the contact of all parts of the world was unknown. A swift frigate brought news from the Mediterranean of an action a fortnight after it had been fought. Sixty years ago the *Times* published a single telegram from its special correspondent during the Crimean War. And though news arrived slowly in those days there was no perfected machinery for circulating it when it had arrived. We may imagine that there were English peasants who lived through the Peninsular war and never heard of it, like the sequestered English governess of Mr. Maurice Baring's fancy, who taught her charges in a French family through the French Revolution without ever knowing that there was a revolution.

There is no need to insist further on the plain reasons why public feeling is less easily moved than in older days. It is less acutely moved because it is, in fact, always being moved. It is fagged, and less capable of quick changes. But when all allowances have been made there are gradations, even notable gradations, in popular passions to-day, conditioned as they are by our present methods. Englishmen can be shaken out of all their stolidity if only their minds are compelled to concentrate themselves on a single issue. It was so during the South African war, when the dreariness of the Black Week expelled the power of thinking on any other subject. If in this past week there has not been anxiety proportionate to the heavy double blows from the Continent and from Ireland, there is an explanation, if not an excuse. A

shower of bad news has a numbing effect. The attention is divided and weakened. The paradox is common that more stir may be created by a single event than by many. We have all observed the workings of such a mental process at the beginning of a war. The first act of war is a portent; be it only the capture of an armored engine or the sinking of a torpedo boat it has an heroic magnitude, and the names of the principals in the episodes are at once famous. A few months later the destruction of several trains full of troops or the sinking of a whole flotilla of torpedo boats will pass almost without remark.

We might take from history examples of the effects on men's minds of the complicated issue and the single issue—examples of public distraction and concentration. The events of the French Revolution were extremely intricate. Blow fell upon blow till France lost the power to be moved. The creation of a wholly new France in 1791 by the putting into force of the Declaration of the Rights of Man was a marvellous upheaval in itself. Wonder could scarcely go further. The events that followed: the resistance of the *émigrés* under Provence, Artois, and Condé, the religious rising of the Vendée, the insurrection of cities, the internal quarrels of the Republicans, the crushing of the Girondins, the triumph of the "Mountain," the Terror, and so forth—all these things were inflicted upon a country scarcely capable any longer of sensation. On the other hand, we take the feelings of Americans before and during the Civil War to be an excellent example of concentration on a single issue. Walt Whitman has described the intensity of the consciousness in New York, when Fort Sumter had been captured, that the die was cast, that war had come, and that on every citizen had fallen the duty of carrying on that war.

It was, indeed, a "shock electric."

"First O songs for a prelude,
Lightly strike on the stretch'd tympanum
pride and joy in my city,
How she led the rest to arms, how she
gave the cue,
How at once with lithe limb unwaiting
a moment she sprang,
(O superb! O Manhattan, my own, my
peerless!

O strongest you in the hour of danger,
in crisis! O truer than steel!)

How you sprang—how you threw off
the costumes of peace with in-
different hand,

How your soft opera-music changed,
and the drum and fife were heard
in their stead,

How you led to the war (that shall
serve for our prelude, songs of
soldiers),

How Manhattan drum-taps led.

Forty years had I in my city seen sol-
diers parading,

Forty years as a pageant, till unawares
the lady of this teeming and
turbulent city,

Sleepless amid her ships, her houses,
her incalculable wealth,

With her million children around her,
suddenly,

At dead of night, at news from the
south,

Incens'd struck with clinch'd hand the
pavement.

A shock electric, the night sustain'd it,
Till with ominous hum our hive at day-
break pour'd out its myriads.

From the houses then and the work-
shops, and through all the door-
ways,

Leapt they tumultuous, and lo! Man-
hattan arming."

The Spectator.

The character of public feeling is not an unimportant thing; it is not a mere "curiosity" for onlookers. A Government who mean to govern are bound to study it and to lay their plans so as to catch the readiest response to their policy. If the people are befogged, numbed, and bewildered, and inclined to trust to luck rather than to fash themselves, they do not appear as very discerning or very admirable, but they are, at all events, easier to guide and to convince. They are rather like a high-spirited horse which will fly into a dangerous terror at a traction engine on a lonely country road—for there the engine is the only strange-looking thing to be seen, and has all the magnitude of isolation—but will behave in a perfectly docile manner in the deafening and horrific traffic of a London street. The horse's attention is, in fact, distracted and dissipated. It is so much alarmed by everything that it visualizes nothing in particular. What then controls the whole situation is the steady hand of its master. The Government have now a rather bewildered and crisis-distracted nation to guide, not yet fully awake to the meaning of all that is happening. The Government cannot at the moment ask for inspiration or advice from the people. They must themselves define the situation; they must themselves create a policy and themselves guide the people. The opportunity belongs to them and to nobody else. If they are plainly honest and patriotic they will find a country exceptionally ready to support them in doing what is right.

EFFUSIVENESS.

The great artist, we believe, does not talk largely about "his art" even to intimate friends; still less is he given to chatter for the benefit of any

gentlemen of the Press who may call with notebook and pencil. He feels that his especial gifts, in whatever province these may lie, employed

though they may be for the pleasure and benefit of others, are smirched and cheapened by hasty talk and purposeless remarks. When he does allow himself to discuss these matters, his observations are generally in the nature of criticism, thoughtful, thoroughly considered, and valuable, as tending to define the objects and limits of some particular branch of his chosen calling. Conscious that his opinions carry weight and are the result of years of experience and experiment, the great artist is almost compelled to assume a tinge of egotism; but his egotism is rarely offensive, and he knows that as knowledge grows, the desire to be dogmatic recedes—for in art, as in other matters, a slavish following of other people's "settled convictions" means a cramped soul and a dangerous self-satisfaction.

Having formed these ideas as to the behavior of the true artist with relation to publicity, we were much entertained, a short time ago, at the report of an interview with a popular short-story writer which appeared in an American paper of some repute. The lady in question took her profession quite seriously, and laid down the law to the eager interviewer at considerable length. "Anyone who has a sense of proportion can write a short story," she began. This was rather a poor opening; but we became forthwith puzzled completely. The reporter asked the author why, in her stories, she devoted the first five hundred words to a glimpse of the conclusion; her delightful reply was: "I do that to create suspense; I tell almost everything at the start, so as to get right into the action of the story." Only a very exceptional personality could dare to mystify us in that manner.

The lady proceeded to discourse in this fashion: her next work is to be "the romantic story of a duchess" from material gathered in Vienna

while her husband "took a special course in medicine," for "you know we are all a little romantic at heart." "This writing of short stories is a game. . . . It is much like a man who invents a new safety razor. He makes the best razor that he can. He believes in it, and he stands back of it. He invents a razor because he knows that men need one with which to shave themselves. . . ." But we really must refrain from solid quotation, though it is tempting. We learn that it takes this original artist "about a week to write a short story—they are generally long ones"; that she goes shopping, knows the tango, has a dancing class once a week; and, apparently as an afterthought, she adds, "then I have my husband, three sons, and a house to take care of."

Dignity and reticence, which we have suggested as characteristic of the great artist, are here obviously absent; effusiveness and a naïve pride have responded to the first touch of the reporter's banal questionings. Scores of columns of this sort or rubbish are printed every day, for the public loves to know the details of the private life of its favorites; but we were distinctly surprised to find that the *New York Times Book Review* encouraged such unworthy methods of filling space. We seem to have arrived at an era of gush, an age of loquacity, when the man who has published a book, or written a few good poems, or painted a picture, must be induced to talk about his work and is enthroned as an epoch-making artist. Immature critics, sure of placing their articles, are too eager to lift the beginner—who may or may not be doing good things—to a pinnacle of fame; they are also far too wide in their range; hence arises much silliness that is not even clever, such as "futurist" pictures and music and "cubist" poetry. If another Edward Lear comes, or another "Lewis

Carroll," to raise nonsense by sheer genius to an intellectual delight, doubtless he will be recognized; if the song of a modern Keats should steal upon ears and hearts weary of affected clamoring, it will not pass unhonored. Meanwhile, however, let us be careful of this tendency to unlimited enthusiasm over mediocrity attired in motley

The Academy.

simply to attract attention; for although it is true that the best will survive and the insignificant will vanish, a great deal of harm is done by the shouting and confusion, indiscriminate and ever changing its theme, amid which the quieter voices of restraint, of experience, and of dignity are too often inaudible.

W. L. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Poems and Translations," by Frederick Rowland Marvin includes three separate books. The first, "Flowers of Song from Many Lands," appeared in 1902 in a special limited edition. "A Book of Quatrains," was published in 1909, but has since been revised and enlarged. The new verses are possibly more keen and pungent than their predecessors for the production of epigrams does not tend to sweetness of phrasing and one does not expect the translations of pagan hymns to be written in milk and water. The volume contains much that is curious and valuable; its original matter represents years of careful labor, and steady progress in art. Sherman French & Co.

Dr. Caleb Williams Saleeby's review of "The Progress of Eugenics" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) supplements his earlier work on "Parenthood and Race Culture" and furnishes a summary of the discoveries and discussions of the last five years. The subject is one to which he has devoted a great deal of research but he writes with moderation regarding the results thus far achieved, admitting frankly that there is as yet no exact knowledge of the inheritance of valuable qualities, and that the prime duty is to make effective use of the knowledge obtained re-

garding negative and preventive eugenics. Dr. Saleeby falls into an error quite common among special students, —that of assuming a knowledge of the subject on the part of his readers which many of them do not possess. He describes the Mendelians as having gone on from strength to strength, and as having established their case for numerous characters in plants and animals, and makes scores of references to Mendelism and the Mendelian law, but he not only fails to explain what Mendelism is, but is at the pains to insert a footnote far along in his discussion, to say that it is not necessary.

The joint debate on the subject "Socialism Promise or Menace" carried on recently in Everybody's Magazine attracted so much attention that its publication in book form by the Macmillan Company will be welcomed in many quarters. The defender of Socialism is Mr. Morris Hillquit, a native of Russia, who studied his profession in the United States, and has written on the history, theory, and practice of socialism. Dr. Ryan's title of Doctor of Divinity shows that he speaks with authority on the Catholic faith. The two are evenly matched. In the first chapter they introduce their topic. In the second, they talk of the socialist industrial state, which Dr. Ryan finds

immoral and impracticable, although to Mr. Hillquit it seems just and rational. As for the philosophy of socialism, Dr. Ryan finds Marxism an exploded philosophy refuted by events, and Mr. Hillquit defends it. In the fifth chapter, each disputant defines and defends his own views and defines and attacks those of his assailant. In Chapter VI., some slight accusations of insincerity and narrowness appear. Lastly, in Chapter VII., Mr. Hillquit gives his summary and conclusion, and in Chapter VIII., Dr. Ryan presents a "Summary and Conclusion," ending it with citing certain rather notorious errors. Last word of all is Dr. Ryan's agreement with Mr. Hillquit that the church must always oppose the doctrine propagated by the socialist. As an intellectual exercise reading the book is wholesome and stimulating, and will be found a great aid to the comprehension of an important question.

Mr. Frank Harris is not to be frightened by the ghosts of Charles Lever or of Thackeray, and boldly challenges both with his "Great Days," a tale of one of those wars which, occurring between revolutions, are often more fruitful in events than the revolutions themselves. Bonaparte is one of the personages in the story, and gives the hero a fair taste of his quality as a politician, and as a strategist, but the hero is smuggler and sailor, and his achievements are those of the privateersman. The odd mixture of bravado and luck, the lawlessness of his calling, and its occasional crushing misfortunes, afford Mr. Harris many opportunities, and he uses them wisely as constituents of his swiftly moving romance. Women are of comparatively slight account in the action, but they are its mainsprings, and the heroine lives, although a mere sketch. The most original of the characters is the

miser who amasses wealth for the mere pleasure of giving it to his son, and counts his life well spent when he reckons his hidden thousands. The artful turn by which Mr. Harris introduces the feminine note in the latter pages is very well managed but "Great Days" is a story of good fighting and dauntless fighters. Mitchell Kennerley.

Bertha, Baroness von Suttner, whose "Die Waffen Nieder" made her the winner of the Nobel Prize, has written another novel, which she calls "When Thoughts Will Soar," and in it she ventures upon a prophecy as to what awaits man in the "Immediate Future." Aviation, instead of impelling him to go aloft and rain dynamite upon hostile nations, is to inspire him to seek "virtue's purer air, with no sin to cloud, no lure to stay" his "soul as home she springs." It is no new vision that when the day comes she will go with "God's sunshine on her joyful way, God's freedom in her wings," but the author makes it seem new. Her heroine, a poor girl, to whom wealth comes suddenly and in an actual flood, earns love by her efforts in behalf of her sex and her race. The author indulges herself in a portrait of a millionaire who has the good taste to accept the heroine's doctrine of philanthropy, and, being skilled in spending money, he creates wondrous spectacles. Indeed, he fairly carpets the earth with roses at one point in the story, and he omits no one in his benefactions. The heroine's oratory is somewhat diffuse, but throughout the book, words are in great request, and nobody stops talking except to eat or to fly. This is very German, of course, but neither relish for good food nor verbosity conceals the fine nobility of the Franka and Helmer. At this stage of social feeling real heroism is required to reject a crown. Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, is the translator. Houghton Mifflin Co.